Atkinson's Saturday Evening Post.

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Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

FROM THE HEART.

I stood on pleasure's dizzy beam,
Free from care, from pain or sorrow,
Nor thought its height an idle dream,
To banish with the morrow.

I said to care, begone thy pace,
Suits not a heart of glee;
Grave melancholy, keep thy face,
For sadder souls than me.

The world's a garden fair and wild,
Where flowrets sweetly bloom,
Variety's a sporting child,
Who laughs at care, and gloom.

Then let me gather ev'ry flower,
Unmix'd with thorns or ill;—
I'll bask upon the morning hour,
Of youth, and beauty still.

But ah! tho' wand of fate dispels
The fairest tints of joys
Her iron grasp, and frown foretells,
My brightest hope destroys.

That ray of Hope, so gay, and bright
That danced on pleasures' beam,
Now set in clouds, of endless night
Nor left one parting gleam.

ERNESTINE.

From Atkinson's Casket.

The Legend of Buck Island.

CONCLUDED.

Meanwhile, like a disembodied spirit haunting the scenes of earthly bliss, George Meredith wandered about the groves and glades of Buck Island. The late conversation with his patron had been of power to harrow up his very soul—and to excruciate him with the torments of the damned; the loftiest and the tenderest impulses of his nature had been alike wounded by parts of it. For hours afterwards his mind was a chaos of distraction and despair; and when partially restored to a state of sane and dispassionate judgment, its alternations of high and tranquilising resolve, of wild despondency, and renunciating rage, aptly exemplified that tale of the royal bard, daily bespread with dainties, fit for the gods, yet to be wasted and polluted by the ravages of the insatiate Harpies. At one moment, his heart, melting with a grateful sense of the parental kindness, the delicate observance hitherto treating him as a son and equal, became soothed and exalted into a sublime and delicious composure by a firm determination to persevere in the stern course, prescribed as the fiery ordeal of his desert: even the ecstacies of happy love excelled not the elevating, though transient glow, enkindled by these heroic musings. Then the bitter conviction of his complete and implied dependence, of his presumption so covertly rebuked, of the unworthy contrast of his extrinsic inferiority to her, who was still his kinswoman—and till now his companion, darkened his soul like the overshadowing wings of the foul mythological monsters, and swallowing up each ennobling and consolatory emotion, left it filled with the confusion and fury of madness. But it was not for one, upright, rational and clear-sighted as was Meredith, long to persist in this fierce and uncandid mood. After the first pangs of mortified pride had abated, he could not but own the truth and justice of the offensive insinuations, administered, as they were, in the guise of commendation. He felt and acknowledged the generosity of Sir Rezin's conduct, and his own slender claims to so much goodness; a goodness, which, in place of punishing, or even reproving his amorous folly, had exercised the most considerate indulgence of its weakness. He was conscious that his patron had probed the secret of his breast—that the confession of his rash passion, otherwise demanded of him by honour, was thereby rendered useless, if not supererogatory. He knew that he was trusted—and must prove himself trust-worthy. The path of duty and virtue, though thorny and dismal, lay straight before him, and he solemnly swore to tread it with a steady and unreceding step. But the unhappy young man soon discovered that of many a thing to build himself on in solitary meditations, is such a vow—and another to adhere to it, when hourly tempted to its violation, by the angel figure of her he adored, hovering around him, all smiles and tender complaisance. He found, to his cost, that

"Few can hold a fire in hand,
"By thought upon the frosty Caucasus,"—

and that his only safety was to be sought in flight: so, on the fourth day after the explanation between himself and the knightly proprietor of Buck Island, he left the home of his childhood, the paradise of his youth, the anticipated asylum of his maturer years, to seek his fortune among strangers and superiors.

The charming being, for loving whom he was now an exile, sustained by her displeasure at George's marked avoidance, no less than by her desire to efface all remembrance of her unseasonable and excessive burst of sorrow, behaved herself like a heroine, when in his general leave-taking of the family after supper, on saying "good-night" for the last time, he kissed and bade "God bless her!" But for weeks and months the plaintive tenderness of those parting accents thrilled on her ear, rendering her insensible to all other vows and protestations, even though sanctified by that authority, which she reverenced as the mandate of the Deity. Long before day-break, Meredith was gone,—leaving Fanny with every faculty of head and heart benumbed by the bereavement.

It cut Sir Rezin to the quick to see the object of his paternal dotage, fading away from her glow of sprightly beauty into a pale and moping shadow of her former self. Judging nothing else necessary to renovate her bloom and gaiety, but a translation into the splendid sphere of a monarch's court, he abridged the period of their continuance in the country; and in an incredibly short space, the inhabitants of Buck Island found themselves on the road to the seat of government. Many a backward look did the pensive Fanny cast on her birth-place; where, much as she had lately longed to escape from its (to her) storied apartments and walks, she now felt as if she could linger forever. The mansion-house, overtopped by the ascending amphitheatre of blue mountains, was long visible to the fond gaze, that dwelt on it as on the face of a valued friend, seen for the last time; its environs, despoiled of their foliage and verdure, and saddened by the gray mists of an early November morning, impressed the melancholy fancy of the fair hypochondriac as emblematical of her own decline: and with many a long-drawn sigh, she passed through scenery so familiar and so consonant with the strain of feeling, which made her internally exclaim,

"Has fall'n into the wan, the ye low leaf."

"My May of life

But ere they had proceeded many miles, the excitement of motion, and the novelty to one so little locomotive, of objects common to every rural train at, produced the hoped-for effect on a young and vivacious mind; and the parents, who lived but in their child, congratulated themselves on the judicious measure taken in this journey, as they viewed the tender colour steal-ing over Fanny's cheek, already dimpled with something like one of her wonted smiles.

It being a prime object with Sir Rezin to get to town early enough to attend his noble friend in his ceremonial reception by the House of Burgesses, the travellers pressed on with all the speed possible, to six blooded black horses, with flowing manes and tails, imported from the mother-country along with the carriage, coachman and postillions,—and drawing the whole distance of two hundred miles, a *coucher*, heavy with carving and moulding, and capacious as a moderate sized dwelling. But the anxious courtier found himself doomed to some portion of the disappointment, which, through his agency, embittered the lot of others; being attacked by a sudden and violent fit of the gout, at the house of a patrician friend, appointed as one of their stopping places in King and Queen County, for persons of distinction rarely tried the accommodations of the paltry inns along the road side. The philosophic knight, who carried his theory of patience into practice, endured the delay and his physical tortures with an equanimity worthy of Epictetus; but it was no slight trial to her ladyship, that in lieu of witnessing the grand procession arrayed around the state coach, which, with its glittering trappings, gilded wheels, and eight milk-white steeds in rich caparisons, enshrined the dazzling figure of Lord Botetourt, shining like a gemmed image, in his suit of gold tissue and white satin, and chapeau buttoned with a loop of diamonds, which precious decorations blazed on other parts of his dress,—she was forced to put up with a mere second-hand description of the glories of the scene. Fanny, like a young girl, unused to splendid ceremonies, had longed at first to see the show; but her thoughts were wholly occupied by her father and his sufferings from the spasmodic twinges of his complaint. After a fortnight's confinement, Sir Rezin became rapidly convalescent—and the party soon resumed their route in good health and spirits. Miss Bland, though her mind was far from at ease, struggled earnestly, and not unsuccessfully, against her sorrow and her love. Nothing so much contributed to re-establish her serenity, as the ungrateful and capricious neglect, with which she imagined herself repaid by him, to whom she had surrendered the treasury of her pure and ardent affections. Every emotion of feminine pride and delicacy roused to resentment by Meredith's studied coldness, she determined to tear the remembrance of that thankless cousin from her bosom, if the effort cost her her life's best blood; but she had been so long accustomed to love and cherish him, first as a brother, and then as a friend, his idea was so closely and indissoluble interwoven with every thought and memory of her past existence, that hitherto the attempt had seemed like halving her heart. But she was now thrown into a new world, where the allurements of pleasure, the sighs of other wooers, and the adulation of society might triumphantly contend with a secret and unrequited partiality.

The Blands reached Williamsburg in safety, and were welcomed by crowds of friends and parasites. The richest and loveliest heiress in Virginia had only to show herself to be adored; and her arrival was celebrated in prose and verse by the wits of the town as dividing public attention with the *entree* of the new Governor. But conscious as was the young beauty of her surpassing charms, she yet trembled to encounter general notice in a fashionable assembly—to undergo the searching gaze of the many, the supercilious criticism of the fastidious few—the false yet flattering eulogy so often derisive of the object it pretends to deify. She panted for applause, yet dreaded to be mocked or condemned: nor were her fears altogether groundless. In those days, when the "Ancient Dominion" was irradiated with a galaxy of female loveliness, from the resplendent Byrd "to the pretty Miss Fountain" (designated by that epithet as the chief of three Sister-graces) the men had grown hypercritical in beauty. It was necessary to be faultless in order to be approved, and of this, the Albemarle toast was apprehensively aware. But her modest self-distrust was soon banished by the unanimous judgment, whose voice gave law in such matters—and who unanimously affirmed that Fanny Bland, just then sixteen, transcended her mother, the famous Miss Wolverine, in personal charms. And in truth, for a *blonde*, our heroine might have been pronounced a piece of perfection. Eyes as soft and bright and blue as the azure "of Heaven's own tint"—locks profuse and waving like the "golden hair" of Hope, with a complexion, a face, and form, as fresh, as fair, and as aerial as those of Guido's Aurora, qualified her to pass for an animated transcript of that personation of the Goddess of the morning. And at times, the changes of an exquisite sensibility paled the hue of her cheek, and imparted a dewy sadness to her downward glance, it only added to the interest, without detracting from the symmetry of her beauty. Besides, the simple notions of her coteporaries reckoned her highly accomplished; for an adept in every species of elegant needle and handiwork, she likewise performed finely on the harpsichord—and the dying falls of her clear voice, as sweet and spontaneous as the warble of a bird, sunk into the soul, when she sung some touching old ballad or new English song. Unlike our present race of fair linguists, her music dealt not in French *romances* or Italian *bravuras*,—and, shocking to relate, her admirers esteemed her not the less for such a paucity of science and languages. Such rare attractions as those above enumerated, taken into consideration, with the certainty of their being appended to them the reversion of a half-dozen of the finest estates in the Colony, it may be supposed that the "Bland beauty" created a vast sensation among the *fon* of the Metropolis. As many lovers forthwith laid suit to the heiress of Buck Island, *&c. &c.* as to the heiress of Bruges; and if not with equal publicity, their pretensions were advanced with, to the full, as great formality. The unrefined ideas of our plain ancestors invested the father with the absolute disposal of his child,—and out of compliment to this right as well as to defeat any interior and malicious designs on the part of the wooer, the established usage required him to address himself, first, to the higher powers: hence, no gentleman presumed to pay his court to a young lady without the preliminary of "asking leave of the house," as his application to the parent or guardian went in familiar phrase. Only two or three of the competitors for Miss Bland's favour—and those of too high standing to brook the contumely of a dismissal by proxy, were honored with the paternal permission; the rest met on the threshold with a civil though stately denial: for Sir Rezin had already pitched upon a suitable husband for his admirable daughter.

On the second Sunday after they got to town, Sir Rezin, Lady Bland and their divine heiress made their first public appearance at the principal church. The proud knight, like most Englishmen of family, was a staunch Episcopalian, and a regular church-goer to boot; her ladyship conformed to his mode of worship, as a matter of duty, and the young Fanny had been bred up in the strict tenets of that sect. Of course this distinguished trio took possession of the upper pew, (for at that rude period the seats in the house of God remained unsold) which corresponded with that set apart for the Royal Governor, and bearing in letters of gold on a ground of purple velvet, the name of Alexander Spotswood, not yet replaced by the insignia of the present incumbent of the chair of State. With in the ample curtains of the same rich material, Lord Botetourt and his suite were already seated, and taking cognizance of the clergyman and congregation. Immediately the opposite pew, graced by the belle of the day, constituted the centre of attraction. "The pure and eloquent blood speaking" in Fanny's transparent cheek, evinced her painful embarrassment under such general and oppressive scrutiny, which, however, relaxed not for all her symptoms of discomposure. Whether it was that the variable hues of her complexion, adorned her anew—or that his fated hour was come, we cannot undertake to decide; but certain it is, a young Scottish nobleman, who had come over as an *attache* to the official train, and as a single man and a lord, had himself been, so far, "the observed of all observers," fixed, during the long hours of the offices and sermon, on the lovely mountaineer, a gaze, whose intensity approached to fascination: it was, in power and duration, similar to that, by which the serpent is said to ensnare his prey. When the service was over, and the Blands, in walking down the aisle, exchanged salutations and sentences with their august friend, the Governor, he presented this inveterate starer to Sir Rezin and the ladies as Lord Malcolm Irvine, second son to the duke of Roxburgh. The young nobleman immediately attached himself to the side of Miss Bland, and she left the church attended by her titled escort, and followed by the ill wishes of all the envious fair ones present. Nor did Lord Malcolm and his new acquaintances part company at their coach-door; being invited to a seat in the vehicle, he accompanied them home,—and hereafter, spent every leisure moment—that is to say two thirds of his time—in endeavoring to recommend himself to her, who had so instantaneously enthralled him. 'Tis true he had not, as yet, complied with the form always introductory to a set courtship; but the acute knight, willing to strain a point in favour of a personage so illustrious, accepted the constancy of his visits and assiduities as declarative of his ultimate purpose, and hailed the prospect of such alliance with unfeigned pride and joy. Her ladyship, too, exulted in the vanity of her heart over a conquest so glorious, and so far exceeding what her most sanguine speculations had devised, for her daughter's matrimonial settlement.

Not so, the artless country girl, who was the object of Lord Malcolm's devoirs,—from which she shrunk with a repugnance, not wholly inexplicable. Of noble birth, and accomplished in graces of mind and body, the young foreigner seemed possessed of qualities to ensure admiration and even a softer sentiment; but there was that about him, obvious to the slightest observer, that soon chilled all warmer emotions into cold respect, not unmingled with awe. Dark, pale, and sad, his countenance bore the stamp of inward care; and the effect of his fine features was at times, marred by an expression revolting and indescribable, which at once checked the kindly flow of human sympathies towards him. Akin in contour and complexion to the natives of Southern Europe, rather than to the fair and ruddy Caledonian; his eyes, black as the raven locks of his head, often gleamed with such strange and ghastly lustre as those accused, in the olden time, of communing with the dead, were said to contract in their occult and unhallowed intercourse. His manner partook of the gloomy cast evidently pervading his mind; and though he would occasionally rally and exhibit in lively colloquy, much satirical and descriptive power, there was oftener perceptible through his faint attempts to disguise it, a depth of despondency, a wild and reckless wretchedness, apparently tinged with a horrible anticipation of something monstrous, to be endured or done. In short, his whole appearance embodied the ideas, set forth in German tales, of mysticism and *diablerie*, of a being fore-warned of his predestination to deeds of guilt and woe. According to rumors afterwards floating hitherward from his native land Lord Malcolm was a victim to the visitations of the second sight,—and in one of those trances when his

"Eye intent
"Was on the vision'd future bent,"

had seen some frightful prefiguration of his own after-fortune. Since when, (as the report farther bore,) plunged in stern and silent misery, he had hurried from one clime to another, from solitude to cities, in the vain endeavour to escape from himself, and the phantom terrors, racking his overspent brain. True or false, this tradition, credited by many, contained a plausible commentary on the text presented in the person and singular deportment of the dark-browed Irvine; still subject as he was to such unsettling and whimsical spells, Lord Malcolm was in many respects, well worthy to be loved. A chivalrous courage and magnanimity of sentiment, involving the absence of all low and selfish traits of character—a temper, venting itself, on strong provocation, in tremendous bursts of passion, but otherwise even, placable, and long suffering—with a fund of deep and tender sensibility, and "a hand open as day to melting charity," composed a sum of excellence, capable, if duly appreciated, of counterpoising the involuntary prejudice against his unnatural aspect, and habits of extraordinary and spectre-seeking abstraction. Yet notwithstanding his many good gifts, the mere presence of Lord Malcolm seemed to operate as an antidote against affection and fellow-feeling. His own family endured rather than enjoyed his relationship,—his acquaintances, ripened not into the regard of friendship—his very domestics, almost emancipated from service by his mild and bounteous rule, repaid it by indifference and ingratitude. In one point of view only, was the cadet of the house of Roxburgh sought and smiled upon. Immensely rich from inheriting his mother's estates, young, handsome, and a noble-man, his amorous approaches had been encouraged, in his own and other lands, by the high-born, the lovely, and the witty, all emulous of an establishment so brilliant. In Williamsburg, among an aristocratic set, infatuated with reverential homage for British rank and title, he found himself not barely caressed—but worshipped. The least notice from the noble Scot, sufficed to turn the head of her lady in gracious; no wonder, then, that the happy heiress, who had the fortune to fascinate him, heard herself envied and congratulated on all sides, as she moved amid the admiration and the pageantries of the great and gay world. But Fanny, insensible to the felicity of her lot, languished to escape from the lively round, and the fetters, preparing, as she dreaded, to bind her for life to a man, from whom she was utterly and unconquerably averse.

The winter was now far advanced; Lord Malcolm had proposed in form for Miss Bland, as the object of his passion, to her father, by whom he was immediately presented to the reluctant daughter as her future husband. And now, for the first time, and in the most important crisis of her life, the spoiled child—as she was called—of nature and fortune, found her prayers and representations disregarded by her parents. Assuming her heart to be meanly set on a union with the humble companion of her childhood, both father and mother looked upon themselves as fulfilling a sacred accountability in using all means to avert a catastrophe so ignominious. The surest method of accomplishing this, was by matching her with a person, in every respect her mate. The alliance with Lord Malcolm exceeded even their loftiest expectations,—and in urging—nay commanding, their daughter to accept it, they conceived themselves literally to snatch a brand from the burning. Fanny could not but see and feel, the emphatic dissertations on the rank and splendor and desert of him she wished to reject nothing save her positive and insurmountable abhorrence of any marriage; especially with the present candidate for her hand. Of him, she professed a peculiar dislike—or rather absolute loathing: yet when Sir Rezin, so far relenting from what he deemed a needful severity, gave her the option of selecting another from among her patrician suitors,—the poor girl, in all the agonies of irresolution, unable to make a second choice, or to confess her real motive, namely, a Scottish nobleman, who had tacitly refused to reciprocate its preference, could only answer by silence and tears; and the knight, not unreasonably chafed at her thus trifling with his well-meant indulgence, proceeded to act upon the consent, which he pronounced in her name, by arranging with the bridegroom-elect the settlement preliminary to an event so grand and momentous. To her mother, the despairing Fanny then ventured on a half appeal, as to a woman, who had wedded from motives, not of interest, but of inclination; but, though tender and pitying, she would have been inclined to, where an ordinary lover was concerned,—Lady Bland, dazzled by the lustre of a ducal coronet, (for the feeble state of the heir-apparent made Lord Malcolm's succession to the dukedom a probable circumstance, would bear nothing tending to disparage his merit and pretensions. Even her daughter's strong allusion to the evil destiny that menaced her conjugal state, failed to awaken the superstitious terrors recently vibrating in her ladyship's breast; she laughed at Fanny's ridiculous reminiscence—drew a bright picture of the felicity and magnificence about to bless her married lot—and kissing the blanched cheek, that belied her predicts, hastened away to consult about and order the wedding finery.

Sir Rezin now touched the acme of his grandeur, from which he was ill inclined to be swayed by the puerile objections of his daughter. Besides it both angered and wounded him to suspect her of insincerity, and of aiming to make dupes of her parents. He could not bear that his "pride and pet" (his name of endearment for her) should slyly entertain a hope of overreaching him, and of finally prevailing on his sanction to her degrading passion,—sooner than grant which, he believed himself willing to follow her to her grave. All this artifice was the exact opposite of his own character; and could Miss Bland have persuaded herself to speak out to either parent, both her love and her life would have terminated the better for it. Not that Sir Rezin would, have been in any event, wrought upon to crown her misplaced attachment,—but an implicit and respectful confidence, in unison with the best impulses of his nature, would have gone far in inducing him to suspend, if not to break off, an engagement from which her heart so revolted. The free spoken and plain dealing knight might have been taken as a fair specimen of the hearty, old English character. Frank, liberal, and kind to all about him, constant and tender in his attachments, inveterate yet open in his dislikes, his temper was cool but inflexible; and exacting obedience in every essential point even from his wife and only child, his intentions were well known to be unchangeable,—and their edicts admitted of no repeal. A warm and steady friend, a bitter but generous enemy, his susceptibilities were uncommonly strong, and principally engrossed by his darling Fanny. Yet fondly as she was doted upon for her own sake, she was not the less valuable to one of his arrogant and aspiring temperament as the passive instrument for perpetuating his in her own exaltation; while

"Affection chained her to that heart,
"Ambition tore its links apart,"

and though in hurrying the preparations for her virtual sacrifice, he imagined himself to be solely intent on working out her worldly salvation, his high views of personal consequence and family aggrandizement, had no small share in unconsciously determining his line of action. By the proffer to his silly girl of a liberty of choice among those, who sought her with his approbation, Sir Rezin assured himself that he had not only done away all imputation of undue harshness, but that he actually condescended to delegate a portion of his legitimate authority. It was moreover, his firm opinion that the force of habit and continual contact with an elegant husband, would infallibly expel the image of her absent and inferior lover; and that when the period of her infatuation was over, his refractory daughter would thank and reward him for the wholesome control now exercised to make her Lady Malcolm Irvine. Thus thinking, the resistance and entreaties of the unhappy Fanny "passed him by as the idle wind, that he respected not," and her repugnance, instead of procrastinating served only to accelerate the completion of the affair.

Young, timid and inexperienced, Miss Bland dreamed not of disobliging her parents by choosing her own means of happiness. And in truth, it would have been easier for her to die than to own her shame in still suffering her thoughts to cling to the man, who had repelled and forgotten her favourable sentiments. She conscientiously believed that her parents had the right to dispose of her,—exerted herself to school her rebellious heart into conformity with their wishes; but her virtuous endeavours, though, at first promising success, were not to triumph in the unequal and protracted conflict. As it was, they produced a cold, though gentle tolerance of her noble lover, who mused to the lively effusion of a fervent regard, was content to construe the faint complacency of her manner into the maidenly bashfulness befitting a modest gentlewoman; and enraptured as he was by her beauty and apparent sweetness of disposition; it would have required a much more energetic refusal that Fanny, under existing circumstances, was capable of to make him relinquish a pursuit, drawing so near to its close. In a word, Lord Malcolm was perfectly satisfied—Sir Rezin and her ladyship delighted beyond measure—and their fair but fading heiress submissive to their irreversible decree.

While such was the mental frame of its inmates and their illustrious ally, Bland House continued to be, ostensibly, the seat of splendor and rejoicing. Weekly entertainments, ordered at an immense expense from the noted Raleigh Tavern (for the founder of the feasts disdained economy on such occasions) out-did every thing of the kind before exhibited in Williamsburg except (perhaps) the *fêtes* at the Government house, by courtesy ycleped Palace. The cost of the winter's sojourn in an establishment, conducted on a scale of extravagance commensurate with that practised at Buck Island, where the slaughter of a beef without regard to what became of the carcase, took place, if suet was wanted for a pudding,—absorbed the proceeds of the sale of a considerable salt-work. But this out-lay seemed nothing in comparison with the gratification of Sir Rezin's pride—and while Lady Bland and her divine daughter monopolized the envy and admiration of the town. The last hyemal month was now at hand; the enamoured Irvine grew impatient to have his

"Joys lodg'd beyond the reach of fate,"—

and the exulting yet uncertain father readily acceded to the importunity for an appointed day, so well according with his own conviction of the necessity of as much haste as consisted with that rigid maxim of propriety, which abhorred precipitancy in such matters on the part of the lady—or a premature celebration of the marriage-rite. The middle of April was therefore, fixed on as a date not too early for a decorous and dignified consummation; and Fanny, a little reconciled to her inevitable destiny, awaited in silent resignation the hour of her surrender to Lord Malcolm and bondage. Humbled to the dust by the thought of the imprudence, which had permitted a surprisal of her affections, she had experienced her full punishment in the seeming scorn and oblivion, which guerdoned her condescension,—and now strained every nerve of her fortitude and self-command to retrieve herself in her own esteem and that of her parents. Her lover was the one, who sought her with all the ardour of genuine and honourable passion: hence her affianced lover found himself daily greeted with increasing smiles and softness; and Miss Bland derived her best reward from the benedictions of her overjoyed parents. She never heard from George Meredith save by the short, formal letters, gratifying her father of his health and welfare; in these her name occurred only in his general remembrance of them all,—and Fanny still arraigned him as fickle and insensible, while he writhed under all the tortures of hopeless love. The opportunities of communication between Bremo, and the metropolis, were "few and far between,"—but the news the craving exile was able accidentally to gather of the Blands, represented his sweet and lost cousin, first as radiant in gaiety and charms, the queen of fashion and hearts—and afterwards, as fast about to abdicate her maiden reign of loveliness. Particulars of the match he learned not, farther than that the man of her choice was Scottish and noble; and this much known, he shunned all the flying reports concerning an event, of the time and circumstances whereof he coveted to remain in perpetual ignorance. But a diffuse epistle from his *ci-devant* patron, elate as he seemed with pride and pleasure, gave Meredith full information on every point,—and mentioning their immediate return to the family seat, insisted on his presence there at his "master's nuptials." George, losing sight of that deference, habitually obedient to Sir Rezin's will took counsel, on the painful occasion, only of his heart—and, though, alas! too late, of his prudence: he, therefore, respectfully but steadily declined the invitation, much to the displeasure of the inditer, —who, in his jealous solicitude to stifle all suspicion, whether in the mind of its object or by others, of his daughter's absurd predilection, had bidden and certainly calculated on his coming as a very important circumstance.

Agreeably to the intention announced in this letter, the Blands soon left town for Albemarle. Beginning, as Fanny did, to feel her pride soothed, and her self-love propitiated by the assiduous devotion of her titled bridegroom, she, nevertheless, luxuriated in the involuntary hope that, during their temporary separation there might something happen to convert this into a final parting. With a spirit gladdened by the cessation of Lord Malcolm's gallantries for at least six weeks, at the end of which time he had leave to follow them, she performed the journey home, —and with a full yet lightened heart, hailed the sight of the blue, waving outline of the far Alleghanies visible for miles during their passage through the lower plantation of Buck Island. Her entrance into the grounds immediately surrounding it,—and still more within the old mansion itself, where every object too forcibly reminded her of past days, and him who had rendered them as sweet as they proved fleeting, brought with it a train of melancholy musings. But deeming such indulgence criminal as it was incompatible with her passive engagement, she intermitted not her zealous efforts to promote the growth of her kindly sentiments towards the person, to whom she was all but solemnly plighted. It was not long, however, ere the faint and reluctant regard extorted from her rather by the dictates of duty, and the reaction of feelings outraged by another, than by a sense of Lord Malcolm's actual merit, withered and died away under the revival, by a casual discovery, of her co-existent attachment in all its fond and inperishable fidelity.

A few days after she reached home as Miss Bland, no longer bounding forward with the elastic tread of the wild gazelle, was slowly walking up and down the broad central avenue of the garden, she saw her maid Phillis coming in search of her with a folded paper in her hand. The idea of a letter from her noble betrothed instantly suggested itself,—and vexed at having her reverie dispelled by the unwelcome intruder, she took it with a mixture of reluctance and remorse, scarce listening the while to the garrulous bearer, who prattle-delo say that aunt Dosia (the washer woman) had found it in the pocket of one of Massa George's waist-coats, that he had, by mistake, let out when packing up? With a cheek mantling over at the mention of that name, with the soft ray bloom lately stationary there, the conscious beauty mechanically unfolded the sheet, which, bearing neither signature nor superscription, was still identified and held as hallowed, by his writing. It contained a copy of verses addressed to herself, blotted indeed, and illegible in some places—in others devoid of connexion and rhythmical accuracy—yet pouring forth with a pathos and energy purely Sapphick, the passionate and deathless idolatry of his heart, the sacred obligations imposed on it by honor and gratitude, and the violence with which it throbbed and panted to unburden itself at the feet of her, to whom he was condemned to be forever mute. As she hurried again and again over the impassioned effusion, the whole truth flashed upon Fanny's mind; she now saw that he, by whom she had imagined herself contemned and overlooked, had been actuated by motives of the loftiest integrity, and by the tenderest respect for her supernal position; added to which it was apparent from the tenor of the composition that the authority of a third person had indirectly interfered between them. But such was not the first view that the transported maiden took of the delicate subject. Eagerly and repeatedly she went over the lines that "lapped her soul in Elysium,"—and for a brief space revelled in a beatitude comparable with that enjoyed by "the blest above."—The precious, the overwhelming conviction that she was beloved—that her's was not that mortification, that agony (the deepest and most insupportable that woman can endure) of pining in unrequited affection—re-animated her at once with all and even more, than her former beauty, —and transformed the pale and pensive being, moving languidly along with the dejected yet exquisite grace of a deserted Ariadne, into a glowing vision of light and liveliness, hardly touching the ground over which she glanced with the airy step of a Hebe, immortal in youth and freshness. In all the flutter of this first rapture, the fairy Fanny hastened to throw herself on her mother's neck, there to whisper the tale of her long cherished attachment, and to petition for the happiness of herself and George, once more enthroned as her friend, her lover, her "all of bliss below." The servants who met her as she glided onward, stared in open mouthed wonder at the light, lively gait, and beaming face, all smiles and blushes, so different from her late lassitude of mien and motions. But when half-way to Lady Bland's chamber, the palpitation of her heart compelled the happy girl to pause and take breath; again she drew forth the paper, invaluable beyond uncounted treasures, in order to confirm her agitated bosom by another perusal of its delicious contents. She read it over with a more deliberate attention—and in a moment how changed her countenance! how fallen her ecstatic hope! She no longer bent her steps towards the confessional chair, whither they but just tended, but turned away to a remote apartment, there to weep undisturbed over the demolition of her bright but baseless dreams. Sadly the fair mourner now scanned the full import of the last and most impressive stanza, which had been slurred in the rapidity of her previous notice. Fraught with the calm spirit of a high and immoveable resolve, and couched in correspondent power of language, its couplets breathed the strong, the stern determination of the writer to die, but not to dishonor himself before heaven, his own conscience, and the world, by a base betrayal of duty and principle, even though to win her, whose image installed within his breast, as in a holy shrine, would aye be worshipped there with the reverence due a guardian saint—but she herself never wooed to be his earthly bride. With this declaration, subversive of all her half-formed fancies in her trembling hand, why, reasoned the down cast Fanny, need she expose herself by invoking a fruitless pity? how stoop to plead for him, who thus deposed his claims so resolutely and unequivocally? and who thought of her? Yet were not all drops of sorrow, in the dewy suffusion that bathed her lovely eyes. It was balm to her bitterest feelings to know herself adored even while forsworn and forsaken; and days elapsed ere the delightful delirium, induced by this persuasion, yielded to the "sober certainty of waking" woe, about to engloom the rest of her mortal span. That assurance of a mutual passion at first imparting a short sweet solace to her heart, soon became the source of deepest regrets and keenest pangs; and Bland, distracted at thought of the misery consequent to a forced marriage with Lord Malcolm, as it stood opposed in odious contrast to the wedded bliss, that might have been hers, grew nervous, irritable and unsettled in proportion as the day drew near, which was to abridge her maiden state of liberty. She blamed herself for her want of fortitude and self-command—but all in vain; she had neither wish nor power to think or speak, save on this one engrossing theme; so, shunning all commerce with her mother, she sought her own chamber, there to brood over the cruel kindness was thus operating to destroy her whom it was their sole aim to preserve, the hapless victim of their false policy sought in the solitude of her own soul for comfort and support.

"She pray'd for strength, but falling tears
"Betrayed her weakness as she knelt"

She prayed for death—yet it came not any more than patience or relief.

Sir Rezin, a close observer of her inconsistencies, knew not what to make of his drooping beauty, who, no longer "like some gay creature of the elements, playing in the plighted clouds, frolicked through the house, diffusing life and sunshine around her path. Moody, captious and abstracted, her conduct seemed to develope the symptoms of incipient madness. Her knightly sire ceased to attribute the alarming change to her disappointment in love—but rather deemed her mind was devoured by some secret and physical malady. The poor lady Bland firmly believed her daughter to be bewitched—and would fain have had recourse to a famous—or more properly infamous doctress, who, working by sign and spell professed to cure all diseases originated by witch craft—or, to borrow the local phrase, *tricking*; but her more judicious husband peremptorily prohibited a practice so absurd, and possibly dangerous. The uneasy parents were just about calling in the family physician, when to their unspeakable relief the mental malady, as they judged it, of their darling child, took another and not less terrifying —turn. The unnatural petulance and fitful restlessness marking its first stage suddenly subsided into a deep but placid sadness, that spoke a mind hopeless indeed, but still resigned in wretchedness. Here was now the condition depicted in the simple lines descriptive of the heroine of Lady Ann Lindsay's ballad!"

"No longer she wept—her tears were spent—
"Deep, it was come and she thought it content;
"She thought it content, tho' her cheek it grew pale
"And she drooped like the lily, broke down by the hail"

Hitherto maddened by the tortures of suspense to which she had subjected herself by a rash experiment, Fanny's strange impatience expired with the impetus which had concentrated her whole soul in the one mighty effort. But the die was now cast—her last stake had been played and lost! Henceforth there was nothing left for her but the performance of her bridal duties (in which she included the gift of her hand where her parents had promised) and the dull repose of the grave. She had just heard, for the first time, direct by hint secretly from her kinsman at Bremo. During the transport of feeling produced by her discovery of Meredith's affectionate, Miss Bland had unconsciously assumed it for granted that his heroic immolation of the passion so vividly pourtrayed by him arose from his implied belief of her indifference to it—and that his stern self-control would instantly vanish before a glimpse of her real sentiments. Besides still thrilling with the exquisite sensations who had condensed an age of bliss into the moment, that taught her she was beloved, her tender nature could not forbear a disclosure fraught with the like transports for him. Quelling the modest scruples which long interposed to hinder the execution of her project, the fond girl, for the first time guilty of a clandestine action, enclosed his own production to her poet-lover with those words written in the envelope. "You say true, cousin George, we can never be more to each other than friends and cousins; but dont believe that any lady can ever love you better than, or half so well as your own broken hearted Fanny B."

The massive was duly received, with what emotions we will not attempt to say, but in spite of the encouragement indirectly held out to him of the same avowal so obliquely yet fully made, George never faltered for a moment in his noble course. The interim between the dispatches of her packet, and the arrival of the answer, was spent by the wretched heiress in more long paroxysms of shame, impatience and almost despair. At length it came—a long and tender reply, putting the literal acceptation on her single but comprehensive sentence: stating that he intended to embark without delay for the East Indies, and beseeching her as his friend and cousin for one last private interview, ere he went the more and place thereof to be assigned hereafter, made an end forever of Fanny's feverish alternation of doubts and hopes,—and falling, like the bolt that rends as it blasts, the shock stunned and rived her inmost heart.

After the receipt of this final renunciation, Miss Bland's whole system appeared to undergo a violent and thorough revolution. All dread or thoughts of the union heretofore so abhorred, seemed obliterated from her memory, whether mind dwell only on dark and dreary images, presaging her ere a speedy death. Traits till now unknown to her character, suddenly unfolded themselves, for instance, an airy strain of imaginative power, and the wildest weakness of superstitious excitement, like the apparition of the air drawn dagger, apostrophized by Macbeth, the vision of a bloody steel brandished by a spectral hand, floated before her mind and eye, paralysing her with horror; unearthly voices, as she averred, summoned her away by name,—and once when stooping over the clear fountain of the Limestone Spring, a hideous reflection of some monstrous object alarmed her almost to phrensy. The medical men, of whom several were now in attendance, could recognise the indications of no definite disease; but they all joined in opinion that some heavy trance preyed upon the mind of the patient, which could only be relieved by disburdening itself. By the exertion of all her influence over her daughter, Lady Bland, at last, wrested from her the secret of her breast, and this confidence, though extorted, proved of the happiest efficacy. No longer pressing like an incubus on the springs of life, the dreadful load of anguish uncommunicated, lessened by degrees as her Ladyship, soothing and sympathizing with her burst of love-lorn sorrow, wrought upon her to vent it in words and tears: and thus giving free scope to her emotions, Fanny insensibly wept them away upon her mother's bosom. The wholesome effusion of humid grief, at once lightened her oppressed brain; and Sir Rezin who had well nigh shared his daughter's bewilderment, beheld with incredulous rapture the alteration effected by a few days unreserved communion with her maternal counsellor.

A slight shade of melancholy still hung on Fanny's brow,—but she had so far regained a state of composure, as lady-like, to inspect with the complaisance of gratified vanity, an importation of splendid goods made up into the most bewitching bridal attire, over which Lady Bland and a select female conclave descanted with as much *unction* as Hero's waiting woman, about the duchess of Milan's gown. The noble bridegroom, now daily expected, came in for his share of their panegyric, and his fair affianced, tiring no less of his name, than of the gorgeous display of silver tissues and brocades, rose coloured tiffanies, and Brussels lace, went forth to recreate herself in a solitary evening stroll. She still retained her passion for long walks,—and now wandered along one which had been a special favourite with her absent cousin. About one third of the way to the fishery, the path turned off to the right and wound away from the low grounds through a green meadow, usually uncle deep in timothy and clover, sending up a sweet smell as the foot pressed the white and purple flowers. At the end of a few hundred yards the lane, as it might be called—being edged on either side with an irregular hedge of sumac and hazle—widened into an open space, sloping down to the head of a beautiful stream. This was the far-famed Limestone Spring, where Fanny now found herself for the first time since her recent fright beside its brink.—From beneath the overshadowing canopy of a Titan like oak, the medicinal waters, as they were then thought, g

[illegible] Malcolm Irvine [illegible]

had an opportunity made to her mother by the [illegible] of the Island, the journey of a boat-load, there was one circumstance continually [illegible] that was the devoted attention paid by Captain Macdonald and promoted by herself, to prevent opportunity of establishing himself to great advantage in her Aunties, endeavoring itself, the entirely personal man, urgently conducted it as the subject of (unlikely) marriage, and [illegible] him to him, and of thinking of the patronage by which he had [illegible] debarred. On the day which proved the last of Miss Bland's life, he ordered, the neighborhood for the express purpose of [illegible] interview. Loath to trust an [illegible] between them, he went over himself to Buck Island, and picked a chance of delivering the few lines appointing her of his arrival, and where he then waited for her. Lord Malcolm taking the concept of this billet, he saw the [illegible] trepidation with which his bride eyed of after his pursuit. It was but natural for him to follow him, so he did, merely stifled by excess of passion. The appointed trysting place was an arbour in the garden distant only a few paces from the great gate, whither the light figure, he but a moment before adored as angelic, flitted before him. The unhappy bridegroom, all hell raging in his breast, beheld the impassioned [illegible], the wild embrace, the flowing tears.—Maddened by some words of dubious import as imperfectly heard by him, he was on the point of hewing upon, as he thought, the guilty pair, when the dread of vengeance defeated thereby, arrested his deadly design. They continued together but a few minutes; with all the fiend unchained within him, he saw their separation and ere he could note from the spot where rage and a confidence of horrible emotions transfixed him, both were out of sight. The sad sequel has been already related.

There remains but little to be told of our tale: George Meredith settled in Antigua, where he long dwelt, universally esteemed but unmarried. Sir Hugh never held up his head after the tragical end of his beloved child, whom he outlived only one year. Lady Bland

"Surviving all
"Charms, kindred, children,"

lived to the extremity of human existence—but not at Buck Island. Detesting the scene of her daughter's untimely catastrophe, and unable to disbelieve, yet unwilling to verify the popular rumour, that insisted on supernatural appearances within the fatal chamber; and on "airy tongues that syllabled" the lovely victim's name at dead of night, disturbing the rest of the household,—she left the family seat not to return, as soon as decency would allow, after the loss of her husband. After her death the vast possessions on which she had so prided herself, went to enrich a prodigal and obscure branch of the Wolverines, with which in her days of maternity and palmy hope, she scorned to acknowledge affinity.

After her ladyship's desertion of the mansion house, it remained unescaped and gradually fell into decay. The belated passenger, as he trudged along the road to the crossing place at the Creek, looked up in vain to the brow of the hill for the many lights erst burning there as a cheering beacon to his steps; and instead of the stir and "voices of social men" once resounding where all was alive and gay, his ear caught only the mechanically sounds of the doors and window shutters, flapped by the high winds; or of the screech owl, hunting from some maulstering corner or chimney top. A residence too extensive for the person to whom it fell in the division of the estate, the dilapidated building was at last pulled down and the timber and other materials mostly employed to construct two smaller dwellings. The Bland home-stead thus perished as the name was extinct and passed away; and the history and memorials, of the once haughty and splendid race, exist only in the time worn rums of an edifice, and in this imperfect record of the Legend of Bloody Island. E. C. S.

COMMUNICATION.

THE SHOE BUSINESS.

The town of Lynn, contains a population of from eight to ten thousand persons, nearly all of whom are dependent on the shoe business for a subsistence; most of the adults, are men nearly operatives, and procure their livelihood by the sweat of their brow. It is a fact not generally known, that 'women', misses', and childrens' shoes, only are manufactured in the town. Formerly the female part of the population, performed a large share of the labour, in chosing and binding the upper preparatory to putting on the soles. It is to be regretted by some friends of humanity, that of all the city arts, in a business, in which the weak, timid, many of them are sent prematurely to their graves, the consumption of the sedentary nature of their employment, and with the latter reflection, that while their constitutions are wasted by an incurable disease, brought on by the indispensible application necessary to procure a genteel livelihood, they have not only been obliged to labour for an inadequate compensation, but in very many instances, it has been, that after the laborious, fatiguing, and painful duty has been faithfully performed, the scanty pittance allowed them, has been reduced to a moity of its apparent value, by extravagant and abominable exactions in the price of goods, which have been forced upon them by the overcome unable manufacturer, who, so far from feeling any compunction at these extortions, has undoubtedly made it his boast, that profits derived from this source, have enabled him to defray the expense of a splendid horse and gig. A respectable female declared on a recent occasion, that during a period of three years' increasing industry, she had received but two dollars in money, as the price of her labour. "Combination and *Mechanic stores*" have been established by clubs of manufacturers, and a peculiar medium created in the shape of *shoe plasters*, number to the one, two and three cent notes formerly in circulation with us; and when the Legislature of Massachusetts interfered to break up this iniquitous system, another form of oppression on the industrious operative was resorted to, no less odious than the former, in the shape of orders drawn on the stores, the drawer of which, by virtue of a secret understanding, received a discount from the Store keeper, the Butcher or the Baker, when the amount was settled, all of which came out of the hard earnings of the laborer, and when the industrious female presented herself at the counter of the city-goods sale of the shoes, the remnant of the faded calico, which she had worn on the shelf, from her earliest acquaintance with the establishment, was pointed to as comprising all the assortment which the store afforded in that line, the store-keeper well knowing what kind of currency she had to pay with, and that an appeal to the sympathies of her employer, would be worse than one-half of the lords of European nature, and justice to many of the manufacturers he is said, that there are honorable exceptions to this species of oppression. A new and better state of things, however, dawns upon that community; for the ladies, always foremost in a good cause, have within a few days called a meeting, the object of which was to reform those abuses, and establish some fixed rates for the wages of the lenders; the meeting was attended by about seven hundred females, at which resolutions were brought forward, and unanimously adopted, demanding an increase of remuneration and cash pay, instead of slop-tape and bankrum. A relief society was also formed, to assist such of their members as may be thrown out of employment, in consequence of opposition to their measures, or from other circumstances. The association has already increased to one thousand members—Remarkable, however, as these demands are, they have not been met with a spirit of manly generosity, such as the occasion required, several of the manufacturers, with a characteristic unanimity have entered into a "combination," and resolved neither to give the wages nor employ each other's lenders; thus the matter stands at present, but will not long remain in this situation, for the whole world is on the side of the women, and they are not easily diverted from their purpose, even under ordinary circumstances; when once they form a resolution they generally carry their point. The young men of the town, with a gallantry and spirit above all praise, have determined to work for no manufacturer, who shall engage the just rights of woman; let them only follow up this resolution, and the whole business of the town will be revolutionized, the iniquitous barter system will be abolished, cash and cash only will be the price of labour; and the opinion of an able historian will be fully verified in this instance. "That in all reformations, nothing great or lasting can be effected without the aid and co-operation of women." PHILADELPHUS.

WOMANLY GEAR.—Eleazar Chase of this town, some seven or eight years ago, in cutting stone, broke off a piece of coal steel from some of his tools that flew into one of his eyes, and caused the loss of its sight. The steel splinter, which made the eye extremely susceptible of cold, and caused frequently severe inflammations, with great pain and suffering. Last winter and spring he suffered extremely, and various fears were entertained by himself and friends that he would go off in a consumption. One alternative alone presented itself, to prevent its fatal catastrophe; and that was, to have his eye cut out—the steel that remained in it, serving to irritate to that degree, and which had been many other means, and fast quelming, and actually tortured by this doubtful mobility, he at last came to the conclusion to submit to the advice of his friends, and have this shocking operation performed.

About this time a friend of his, told him of a remedy, which was, to apply to his eye a magnet and draw out the steel. This was proposed of great power and applied—the second time of application the steel came out, and relieved his eye from the irritation that had been so very severe; and he is now well and about his usual avocations, and saved the dreadful operation of having his eye dug out.—*Fall Riv. Rec.*

SUDDEN DEATH.—A very intimate and aciomatic friend, yesterday was performing the 14th ult. on a young lady eight years of age, of the name of Wood, residing in Middleton, Pudsey, who swallowed a thimble and piece, which entered the windpipe. The medical practitioner who was called, after consulting with two of his brethren who were met for, proceeded to open the trachea, as the only means of saving the boy's life. The operation was a painful and dangerous one, but it was successful. For several days he only breathed through the wound, but it gradually began to close, and to the surprise of many who visited him, he is now convalescent out of danger.—*Pudsey Advertiser.*

S. H. Post and Bulletin.

Saturday, January 11.

APPOINTMENTS BY THE PRESIDENT.

By and with the advice and consent of the Senate.

Morgan W. Brown, to be Judge for the Eastern and Western Districts of Tennessee, in the place of John McNairy, resigned.

John B. Duerr, to be Marshal for the District of New Jersey, in the place of Zephaniah Drake, resigned.

Robert C. Nicholas, to be Attorney for the Eastern District of Virginia, in the place of Thomas E. Bouldin, deceased.

Edward Cross, to be Judge for the Territory of Arkansas.

William S. Fulton, to be Secretary for said Territory.

Andrew Dunlap, to be Attorney for the District of Massachusetts.

Tilghman A. Howard, to be Attorney for the District of Indiana.

APPOINTMENT BY THE GOVERNOR.

Henry Myers, Esq. to be an Associate Judge for Delaware county, in the place of the Hon. John Pierce, deceased.

APPOINTMENT BY THE CANAL COMMISSIONERS.

General Samuel Power of Beaver, Superintendant of the Beaver Division Pennsylvania Canal, in place of John Dickey, Esq. elected Senator.

The drawing of lotteries and the sale of lottery tickets, are no longer permitted, either in this state or in the state of New York. The enactments of New York are particularly severe, as will be seen by the following abstract of its provisions:—

The setting up or drawing of any Lottery within the State is declared a misdemeanor, punishable by a fine equal to the amount of the whole sum or value for which such Lottery was made, and if that cannot be ascertained, then by a fine of $1,500 or imprisonment not exceeding two years, or both, at the discretion of the court.

Advertising or giving notice in any way of a Lottery, is declared a misdemeanor, punishable by $150 fine, or imprisonment not exceeding three months.

Selling or offering to sell tickets in any Lottery is declared a misdemeanor, punishable by a fine not exceeding $500, or imprisonment not exceeding one year or both, at the discretion of the court.

Offering for sale any property dependent on the drawing of a lottery, is declared a misdemeanor, punishable by a fine not exceeding $500, or imprisonment not exceeding one year.

All property so offered, is declared forfeited to the State.

All prizes in Lotteries are declared forfeited for the use of the poor.

The purchaser of any ticket or tickets, is entitled to sue for and recover double the amount of the same from the vendor.

A Long Island printer gave solemn notice a month or two since, that his wife had presented him with four healthy children, "all likely to do well," as well as the mother, and the editors from one end of the Republic to the other wished the married, with a greediness altogether wonderful, and made it a theme as prolific of smart paragraphs as the Long Island man's family was supposed to be in young printers. It so happens, however, that their cake is all dough. There was no wonderment about it, for the printer's wife and four children, born as they might be but twins, or a remarkable intervals, returned home from a visit, and the latter sent his typographical compeers wool gathering, for new modes of chronicling an event that never happened to occur.

The Pittsburg Gazette contains a statement of the tonnage and trade of the ports of Cleveland, Ohio, on Lake Erie, from 1825 to 1833, which exhibits, in a striking degree, the increase of prosperity attendant upon such works of inte nal improvement as the Ohio and Lake Erie Canal. In 1825 the whole amount of tonnage at Cleveland was 7,116; in 1833 it was 233,200. In 1825 the value of merchandise *exported* was $49,000; it is now nearly $1,000,000. In 1825 the value of *imports* was $134,000; it is now nearly $4,000,000

An action for damages, was brought in the Superior Court, New York, for assault and battery, upon the person of the plaintiff by the defendant in June last, during the parade attendant upon the President's arrival in New York. The plaintiff was a spectator on the occasion referred to, and the defendant belonged to a troop of lancers, who were on duty at the time. The immediate duty of the defendant was to preserve order among the crowd, and to prevent encroachments upon the space allotted to the military. As the crowd increased the defendant attempted to drive them back, and struck the plaintiff over the head with his sword, which cut through his hat. It was stated in defence, that the plaintiff took the defendant's horse by the bridle, and otherwise provoked the assault.—Verdict, $100 damages.

The American Turf Register, for the present month, has been unusually regaled on the fine, cool, Esq. to Gen. Gratiot of the United States Army, on the importance of procuring the best world horses of the province, south west of Louisiana to Gulnem. The horses are found running wild in herds over that vast country, extending westward to the foot of the Rocky Mountains, or in the possession of the Osage chiefs, are represented by all accounts to be of the finest and most powerful kind, superior to the best horses among us, for speed and endurance. Arrangements have been made through the agency of several officers of the army, to have some of the best of the kind selected and imported into this region, for the purpose of improving the stock.

DOMESTIC SILK.—One hundred good cocoons will make one ounce of wrought silk. The quality of cocoons is ascertained by the finenessthe thicker they are the better. Mr. B. gives three dollars per bushel. The least mulberry makes three useless for ordinary purposes. It would seem a safe calculation therefore, that 3000 worms will attended would produce one pound of silk. Mr. B. says 10 to 12 pounds, at $5 per pound, $60,000. When well reeled, it commands from $6 to 10 per pound. The labor required to attend 1,000,000 worms would be, the first week, two persons; for the second, four; for the third, eight; for the remaining two, fifteen or twenty. Most of these persons may be boys, or girls, or aged women.

Mr. Smith, of Baltimore, recommends a building that a full grown mulberry will feed 3,000 silk worms. To guard against accidents, suppose it furnishes leaves for only 2,000 trees then 300 will be required. This number may be set along the fences, and about the dwelling of almost every farm in the country, or the requisite quantity may be obtained from mulberry hedges. The requisite apartments for 1,000,000 of worms are equal to a room 40 by 20 feet. Considering the above facts what farmer can hesitate to purchase mulberry plants this fall? *Essex Gaz.*

MORE PATRIOTS.—Yesterday a gentleman who had received from a soldier of the revolution a power of attorney to draw a his pension, called at the Bank of the U. States to draw the money for the old hero. He was told that orders had been received to close the account in that bank, as all future payments would be made at the Girard Bank. The gentleman then proceeded to the Girard Bank, and made application for the pension money. He then learned that no orders had been given to that Bank to pay pensioners, and they had no books, papers, nor any kind of authority, for transacting their business, and thus the papers, &c. must be returned to the old pensioner, more than two hundred miles, and he must wait until Congress can regulate matters that are now so deranged.—*N. Gaz.*

MURDER WILL OUT!

Our readers, no doubt, remember the aggravated murder of a Miss Cunningham, in April, 1825, and that every exertion, at the time, to discover the perpetrator of the crime proved unsuccessful. An individual has recently been arrested and committed to the jail of Cecil county, in Maryland, where the murder was perpetrated upon suspicion of being the author of the foul deed. The singular circumstances which led to his arrest are given in the following paragraph, which we copy from the Baltimore Chronicle:—

"We are informed that the man arrested is a shoemaker, who has resided at, or in the neighborhood of Port Deposit, ever since the murder was committed, and that in one instance he appeared as a witness, and testified strongly against two men who, a few years since, were arrested on suspicion of having committed or being accessory to, the foul murder; and had it depended on his testimony alone, they would in all probability have been convicted. The discovery was made was truly providential. He had hypothecated a very valuable ring to a man, to whom he was indebted, which ring the creditor placed upon his finger; and soon after, being in company, it was observed and identified. Miss Cunningham's name being still legible! On being questioned, he informed from whom he received it, and for what purpose, and referred to two persons who were present at the transaction. Process was accordingly issued, and the suspected culprit arrested, and now confined in Elkton jail. On searching his premises, we also learn that a stocking, belonging to the deceased, was also found, which, on comparing, corresponded precisely with its fellow which has ever since been preserved by her family. *Niles' Register*, of the 23d April, 1825, in mentioning the horrid account of the murder, says—"She was just about to be married, and her ring, the emblem of plighted faith, was carried off. *It is possible that this circumstance may lead to the discovery of the murderer.*"

THE WEST INDIES.—The following extract is from the letter of a large West India proprietor, to his correspondent at Brighton, Eng. He is said to be possessed of very large sugar estates, and to have under his management above eight thousand slaves. The effect of the emancipation of slaves in the West Indies, is attracting universal attention, and our readers will doubtless be much pleased to observe that the measures of the mother country are likely to be so well received in the islands. The letter is dated at St. Andrews.

"I am very glad that matters are settled so well, for I thought at one time they were going to deprive us of the negroes without any compensation. That which they have given us is small, but small as it is, it is much better than nothing; and we are of one opinion here, that we had better yield and take that which is offered, than receive nothing for our negroes, which by holding out, might really have been the case. I have no fear but that we shall meet the Government cordially, when they give us the money, and that the Assembly will enact laws for the purpose of carrying their views and wishes into effect, as far as is consistent with the well being of the slaves and the safety of the colonies."

EPITOME OF THE TIMES.

The receipts at the Fair held in the Washington Hall, last week, by the ladies of the Seventh Presbyterian Church, amounted to $1011,67.

We understand, that, on Monday, WILLIAM BYERSON, Esq. was re-elected County Treasurer and WILLIAM ROSENFIELD Chief Clerk of the Board of County Commissioners.

At a meeting of the Board of Commissioners of the District of Spring Garden, held at their hall, on Monday evening last, the following gentlemen were duly elected directors of the Public Schools, for the ensuing year, viz:—Wm. Warner, John M. Ogden, Joseph Jones, Morton M'Michael, George Esher, John H. Fitch.

A man named Archibald Black was found drowned yesterday morning, in a small pond at the corner of Eighth and Callowhill streets.

A young man named Ryder, seaman of brig Sylph, while on her passage from Philadelphia to Boston, fell from the forecastle and striking the rail fractured his skull in a most shocking manner, and immediately fell overboard. During to the bravaurs of the sea, no assistance could be rendered him.

An infant child, daughter of Mrs. Mary Gobler, near Cumberland, Md. was burnt to death, a few days since, during the temporary absence of the mother. The distressing event took place in the presence of the father, who appears to have been too much intoxicated to afford any assistance.

The famous French thief-catcher, Vidocq, has taken out a patent for the manufacture of paper, from which writing or printing can never be effaced.

Resolutions against the Military Academy at West Point, have passed the legislature of Ohio.

A law has lately passed the Legislature of Connecticut, which exempts the firemen of Hartford from Militia duty, after having served, as a member of a fire company, for ten *successive* years. What liberality!

Within eight or ten miles of Boston, in almost ever direction, the sleighing is excellent.

A translation of Professor Goldfuss's work on Fossil Organic Remains, is about to be published in Nashville under the direction of Professor Troost, of the University of Nashville.

The trial of Geo. J. Trotter, for an assault on G. D Prentice, which was before the late Louisville Circuit Court, has been continued to the February term.—Henry C. Pope and Benj. Smith, who were present during the affray, were indicted as principals in the second degree. The former was acquitted, but as the jury could not agree as to the culpability of Smith, they were discharged, and a new trial ordered.

An act repealing the several prohibition laws against the introduction of slaves into the state of Louisiana, has passed both bodies of the legislature of that state, and only waits the Governor's signature to become a law.

A steam boat of about 70 horse power, called the "Tanjuco," has been built at New York, by Messrs. Brown & Bell, to be employed at Tanjuco, in towing vessels over the bar. She is now ready for sea.

Mr. Day, one of the editors of the New York Sun, complains that the Wandering Piper refused to pay a bill for printing, until a deduction was made of more than seven dollars.

The legislature of Maine convened on the 1st inst. S. Williams, was chosen President of the Senate, and Nathan Clifford, speaker of the House of Representatives.

It appears from a statement in the New York Star, that thirty four Banks in the state of New York have in circulation notes to the amount of $6,118,417, and that the specie held by the same banks, amounts to $1,128,493, only, being a average of five cents and three mills out of every dollar in paper.

We learn with pleasure that Mr. Daniel J. Rhoads is about engaging a contract for introducing whole-some water into the city of New York. Mr. Rhoads was an active member of the City Councils at the time our Fairmount water works were commenced, and since that time has performed some very important contracts for the corporation. We hope he will be equally successful in New York.

Gazette News.—We learn, says the Athens Banner, that the Georgia Railroad Bill has passed both Houses of the Legislature, with a provision giving a right to the Legislature to tax as nett profits *one half per cent.* This will do.

There is a report—says the Richmond Compiler—that the Secretary of the Navy intends ordering two ships of war to cruise on our coast during the winter, for the benevolent purpose of relieving and supplying ship-wrecked vessels, and affording the navigation such other assistance as it may require.

On the evening of the 30th of December, the fourth satellite of Jupiter was discoverable, with the naked eye, in St. Andrews, New Brunswick.

A man near Newark, N. J. was kicked almost to death last week, by a horse, which he was beating unmercifully.

SPECIE.—We learn from the New York Journal of Commerce, that the ship Congress arrived at that port from Mexico, has about 300,000 dollars on board, and the Paragon which sailed the day before for Philadelphia, has about the same amount.

SINGULAR VERDICT.—An inquest was recently held upon the body of a man found dead in a cellar, where he had taken shelter in Montreal, and a verdict returned by the jury, that he "*Died of Heavy.*"

Sir J. Herschell is about leaving his residence, near Slough, for the Cape of Good Hope, to make observations on the fixed Stars in the Southern hemisphere. Eight wagons were employed in removing his telescopes, transit instruments, and apparatus.

The second son of Mr. Chas. Kemble (Henry James Vincent) holds the Commission of Ensign in the 67th Foot, commanded by the Hon. H. Molyneux, and is now doing his duty with the reserve companies of the regiment at Templemore. Mr. Kemble got his commission by purchase, about the period of the departure of his father and sister for the United States.

Mrs. Willard, in her letters from France, lately published, states that it is the settled intention of General Lafayette, to revisit this country, and that he will probably be accompanied by one of his grand daughters.

The pressure on the Money market has reached Baltimore.

Col. Davy Crocket, in a letter to the editors of the National Intelligencer denies the authenticity of the book lately published, purporting to be his memoirs, and says that he is now writing his own life and adventures, which will probably be in print before the termination of the present session of Congress.

The Mail running between Little Rock and Plumtown, on Conway county, Arkansas Territory, was robbed a few weeks since of something like a hundred letters. This is the first mail robbery that ever occurred in Arkansas.

Thomas Wright, Esq. has been chosen Speaker of the House of Representatives of Maryland, and Louis Greenway, Clerk.

We notice in the "Freedens Bothe," a German paper, published in Allentown, Lehigh county, Pa. a call signed "many citizens," for a public meeting, to give an expression of public opinion on the present unprecedented state of affairs, with regard to the scarcity of money.

The wife of Mr. James Allen, of Mercer county, Pa. a few days since, in a fit of temporary insanity, murdered herself by hanging herself. The deranged state of her mind is supposed to have been occasioned by the death of three of her children, who were carried off by scarlet fever.

The Journal of Commerce states that the bills of the Mechanics' Bank at Paterson, are redeemed by the Bank, and are bought by J. P. Smith, 55 Wall street, New York, at 1 per cent discount.

The newly elected Register of New York—Mr. Bunn—and the present incumbent—Mr. Content—are contending for the possession of that office, it being alleged by Mr. C. that his term of office will not expire until January, 1835. The question is about to be submitted to the action of the Supreme Court.

Two lads none of Mr. Thomas Crown, of Washington, were severely injured on New Year's day, by the explosion of a cask of powder.

John Francis Canonge has been elected a Judge of the Criminal Court of Louisiana. Judge Canonge is a pupil of our townsman, P. J. Duponceau, Esq.

A letter from Matamas, states that Col. Clinton, of the U. S. Engineer Corps, and eldest son of the late De Witt Clinton, died at that place on the 14th ult.

A bill has passed the legislature of Ohio, authorising road taxes to be worked out on township roads in certain cases.

The American Standard, published at Natchez, Miss. reached us to-day, printed on a half sheet. The editor states, as an apology, that his journeymen have *striked* for higher wages.

A confectioner in Augusta, Ga. exhibited, on Christmas day, a monumental cake weighing 498 pounds.

Andrew J. Alexander, Esq. of Woodford county, Kentucky, lately met his death in a melancholy and unexpected manner. He became entangled in the machinery of a steam saw mill, and was so severely injured in consequence as to survive only a few hours. The highest tribute is paid to the memory of the deceased, as one who had faithfully and honorably discharged every relative duty as a man and a citizen.

A committee of the legislature of Ohio, have agreed to report a bill, incorporating a State Bank upon a plan resembling, in the outline, the Bank of the United States. The capital to be five millions, one fifth to be owned by the state; the directors and officers of the branches to be appointed by the stockholders of the vicinity, or rather, the branch stock to appoint directors and the directors to appoint the officers.

A gentleman of Georgia, engaged in the trade on the Savannah river, is about to introduce an iron steamboat, for the purpose of testing its applicability to shoal water navigation. He designs the boat to be 108 feet in length, 22 feet in breadth, 7 feet hold, and of the burthen of 180 tons. Her draught of water, it is supposed, will not exceed two feet.

The New Orleans Courier of 30th ult. has the following—We have seldom seen the Levee so thick with vessels as at present. From the Steamboat landing to the lower cotton press, a distance of above mile, there is not to be found an opening, and the large vessels in some places lay four and five abreast. The steamboat landing, is not so crowded as we have seen it, but this is owing to the low state of the water in the Ohio.

The St. Martinsville (La.) Gazette, of the 14th ult. says that the sugar planters in that district, have ceased grinding, and that some of them have not made one-fourth, and some not more than one-half as much sugar as had been anticipated before the arrival of the frost.

A Memorial, signed by the Master and Wardens of the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts, rendering a surrender of the privileges of incorporation, has been presented to the Legislature of that state.

A new and elegant steam-boat, called the *Argo*, has recently been commenced at Baltimore, expressly for the Kentucky river.

A meeting of gentlemen was held at the Exchange Coffee House, Boston, on Thursday evening, at which a committee was appointed to take such measures as they may deem proper, in order to obtain an expression of public sentiment in relation to the existing state of trade, occasioned by the present deranged state of the money market.

A carpenter's shop in Wine alley, Baltimore, and a warehouse adjoining, were destroyed by fire on Saturday last.

The seal of Lafayette is a head of Washington in the centre, surrounded by a broad glory, which fills the circumference.

The citizens of Petersburg, Va. opposed to the removal of the deposits, held a public meeting on Saturday.

The Address of the carrier of a country paper to his patrons, on New Year's day, ends as follows—

"The printer's boy calls but once a year,
But hopes that his patrons now will hear
The call for something as a mite
Unto the purse of WILLIAM SHINER."

Several dwelling houses and a paint shop and warehouse, occupied by Messrs Perry & Co. in the village of Chittenango, N.Y. were destroyed by fire last week.

During the past year there were 71 fires in Boston, and 42 false alarms. Estimated loss $93,970; insurance $57,040.

His excellency James Thomas, the anti-Jackson candidate, has been re-elected Governor of Maryland.

According to statements lately presented to the Legislature of Massachusetts, it appears that the one hundred and two banks of that state have an aggregate capital of $28,136,250 00—notes in circulation, $7,809, 11,000—specie on hand $914,309 64. Proportion of bills in circulation to specie on hand, a fraction over eight and a half to one.

The number of stamps issued by the stamp office, for the London Times, from January 1st, 1831 to 30th June, 1833, was 5,727,987.

There will be several public celebrations to-day, in honour of the victory at New Orleans.

A meeting of the citizens of Bucks county, without distinction of party, who are favorable to the restoration of the public deposits to the Bank of the United States is to be held in Newtown, this day.

The Senate of Ohio has postponed for a year by a large majority, the consideration of a bill to erect a Van Buren county in that State.

The Baltimore Gazette seems to hold the opinion that the contest for the next Presidency, will be mainly between Martin Van Buren and Judge McLean.

The New York Commercial Advertiser states that an attempt was made, on new year's eve, to enter a store in Water street, by means of false keys. Not succeeding the rogue filled the lock with gunpowder, through the key hole, to which he applied a torch, when lock, door, and every thing near it were blown to pieces.

The Scarlet Fever prevails in New York to a considerable extent. Eighteen deaths occurred there by it during the week ending on Saturday last

Rev. Nathan Bangs, D.D. of N. York, has been unanimously elected President of Augusta College, Kentucky.

A letter from Washington to the Journal of Commerce states, that Mr. Southard will reply to Mr. Benton. Here we shall have sound sense instead of fustian and sophistry.

Judge Porter, elected Senator from Louisiana, is by birth an Irishman, a very distinguished jurist and a very able man.

The quantity of Anthracite Coal sent to market from the Schuylkill Coal region, during the past year, is estimated at 488,000 tons. The increase on the amount sent the previous year 119,000 tons.

The N. York Stock and Exchange Board, voted, last week, $100 to the Orphan Asylum, $100 to the Society for the relief of Poor Widows, $100 to the Society for the relief of aged indigent females, $100 to the Female Assistant Society, $100 to the Society for the relief of indigent persons of the Jewish persuasion.

GIRARD CONCERNS.

Mr. Biddle Cooper, Treasurer of the Girard Trusts has by direction of the City Councils, prepared and published a full account of the state of the trusts, &c. relating to the Girard Will.

The amount of stocks and loans passed to the city corporation, belonging to the estate of the late Stephen Girard, embracing the whole amount of *personal* property yet received from his executors, at par value, amounts to $4,434,780 19, but has been estimated as worth $2,798,104 B.

The principal items are loans to the state of Pennsylvania, $1,183,040 82—6,331 shares of stock in the bank of the U. States, $633,100—loans to the Schuylkill Navigation Company, $175,850—2,200 shares of stock in do. $110,000—Due &c. &c.

Of these stocks and loans, there has been appropriated for constructing and maintaining the Girard College, for Orphans, $2,000,000 00

For the improvement of the Eastern Front of the city and Delaware Avenue, - - - - $500,000 00

Residuary fund, - - - - 200,000 00

To purchase fuel for the poor, - - - $10,000 00

Cash in the treasury, Jan. 1, 1833, $19,131 33

Receipts during 1833, - - - $142,927 32

$162,258 71

Cash paid for Girard College, in 1833, $70,567 12

Other appropriations, - - - $56,792 59

Balance in treasury, Jan. 1, 1834, - - $4,899 71

Estimated nett income for 1834, - - $172,750 12

Extract of a letter, dated

"*Harrisburg, Jan.* 6th, 1834.

Dear Sir—Nearly all the members of the House of Representatives were in their seats this morning.—A large number of petitions were presented, among which were eighteen from the citizens of Philadelphia, praying that aid may not be granted to the College at Gettysburg. A petition from Councils of your city accompanied with resolutions adopted by them, in relation to making the permanent bridge free was laid before both Houses, by their respective speakers.

A message was received from the Governor, accompanied with an bill reported to him by the Commissioners to review the civil code, which were referred to their appropriate committees.

1st. An Act relative to organizing Courts of Justice.
2d. An act relative to Roads, Highways and Bridges.
3d. An act relative to Inns, Taverns, and retailers of spirituous liquors.
4th. An act relative to the support and employment of the poor.
5th. An act relative to county and township rates and levies.
6th. An act relative to the Militia System.

Mr. Keating's resolution relative to capital punishment came up as unfinished business on his motion the order was postponed, and it was made an order for the first Monday in February next.

No. 13. An act to exempt the property of the college of Pharmacy of Philadelphia from taxation, &c.
No. 14. An act granting the Library Company of Philadelphia, certain exemptions from taxation—were passed on third reading.

In the Senate, a bill supplementary to the act incorporating the Harrisburg Water Co. was passed through committee of the whole.

Mr. Cunningham offered a resolution directing the Clerk of the Senate, to pay the postage of members at different Post offices to which letters, documents, &c. may be sent, which was laid on the table.

The 8th of January will be celebrated here by a dinner. It is said that it is not to be a party affair, nous verrons.

Yours, &c.

MAIL ROBBER TAKEN.—Some weeks since information was received at the Post Office Department of the loss of a packet of letters containing money sent from Maysville Ky. to Pittsburg Pa. The case excited much surprise, being the first that had occurred between the two offices. A few days afterwards intelligence was received of the loss of a heavy money letter from St. Louis to Philadelphia about the same time. The St. Louis mail to Philadelphia passes over the greater part of the road between Maysville and Pittsburgh.

The losses being heavy, and demanding general attention, the Post Master General despatched a Commission of Special Agency to N. D. Coleman Esq. Post Master at Maysville, with instructions to proceed faithfully along the route through Ohio, and make every effort to find the depredator.

Letters just received from Mr. Coleman, at Columbus, Ohio, gives the gratifying intelligence that he has just committed a late driver of the mail stage on the route, who has confessed his participation in the depredation, and has accomplices. Mr. Coleman has also succeeded in recovering $1300, which has been deposited in the Franklin Bank at Columbus, to await the trial, and the claims of its owners. Some of this money has been identified as the same that was sent from St. Louis.

Pursuit is now making for the driver's confederates, and it is expected they will also be brought to trial.—*Globe.*

A fire occurred in Savannah on Christmas day, in a large wooden house on Wraker street, which, together with several others of the same material, was destroyed. The Episcopal church was in some danger from a flake having set the steeple in a blaze, but it was soon extinguished. Other buildings in danger were preserved by active measures. The U. S. troops, under the command of Capt. Green, rendered their aid as a guard for the protection of the property removed. The mamen attached to vessels in port were also active in rendering assistance. The fire is supposed to have originated from the explosion of a fire cracker.

A FACT.—A mechanic of this city, on the last inst. discharged from his employment upwards of 100 persons, whose ordinary earnings are quite as great at this season of the year as any other, and whose support is dependent on constant wages. How this city is going to support the thousands who will thus be thrown into a state of want, it is well for but city authorities and the humane to take into consideration.—*Pa-Inan.*

From the New York Daily Advertiser.

MAJOR DOWNING'S OFFICIAL COMMUNICATION TO THE CABINET.

Major Downing, in his letter of December 27th, alluded to the fact of his having read his views on the subject of the Bank, and the Deposits, to the Cabinet, engaged to send a copy of the document to this paper for publication. A delay of some days occurred before we received it. This, we understand, was caused by a wish that the Cabinet might have an opportunity to re-examine the case, and a hope that they might unite in opinion on that thorny matter. Having waited for some time for the accomplishment of this important object, the Major became convinced that the present Cabinet was far from being a "Unit," and considered it useless to wait any longer, and he therefore fulfilled his undertaking by sending us the important document alluded to. We recommend it to our readers as one of the most interesting exhibitions of the subject that has ever been presented to the public.

MAJOR DOWNING'S OFFICIAL PAPER.

Read to the Cabinet, and majors, auditors, and under-secretaries, and sub-postmaster's, and the rest of the Government, on the 26th day of December, A. D. 1833—and printed for the use of all the citizens from Downingville to New Orleans, along the sea coast, and up the Mississippi and Missouri, and up down the Lakes, and across by the Erie Canal to Albany, and along by the middle route over New Jersey, Pennsylvany, and Mary.and, to Washington—and away agin to all parts of creation, and to every body.

GENERAL.—and Gentlemen of the Cabinet, and the rest on you here present, composin the Government; I speak to you as a man standin right between you and the people; what I am going to say aint calculated to make any on you change your opinion, so much as to make you know mane; you have pretty much all on you had your turn, and now comes my turn; if any thing I say has sharp corners and scrapes the skin a little, it is because I haint had time to file the edges smooth. I'll give you my notions pretty much as you get bread from the Bakers, and leave you to slice it or chunk it as best may suit you; and every man may butter his own slice just to please his fancy; that aint my business so much as it is hers.

We are met here not only to fix on some plan to get the country out of trouble, but to see how it got into trouble; and I am goin to say a little on both pts. When a chimbly smokes at the rong end with the wind at north east, some folks may content themselves with openin windows and doors, to let the smoke out, but my notion is that the safest plan is to see into the cause on't, and correct it; so that the chimbly will stay smoke at the right end, let the wind blow any way.

Now there is a few things we must look into a little, and when we well know more about em, and I am goin to examine—

What kind of critter the Bank of the United States rally is.

Whether its nature is to do good or evil to the country, and then wind up with

Matters and things in general.

Twenty years ago the country was in trouble, and fill'd up with all kinds of bank paper—a gle upon as bad as old Continental—and a good deal was a little worse. If any body aint old enuf to remember that time, and wants to see what kind of money I mean, let him go to the Treasury, and Mr. Taney can show him nigh a million and a half of dollars, not worth the cost of the paper and ink used every year in makin a report on't—but this is only a drop compar'd to what would be now there of the same kind of stuff if it hadn't been for the Bank of the United States. So you your wise folks of that day said we must have a Bank of the United States, and a good big one. One strong enuf to do the work well, and to clear out all this trash—and so this Bank was made, and the first thing was, as there was a very little rale money in the country, the Bank, went and bo't a good jag on't in Europ, and went to work and fill'd it here clearin away jest as we do our fields in the Spring.

It was a pretty dirty job to do so I tell you, and the Bank did'nt get through with it without sc ratches and smottin its fingers pretty considerably; and that warn't the worse on't for the Bank. The Government made the Bank agree to pay fifteen hundred thousand dollars for the privilege of doing this with, and mu de it agree to take care of the people's money in all parts of the country, and to pay it here and there wherever the Government told'em to, and to pay all the pensions, and to do every thing in the money way wit aout chargin any thing for it to the Government. This was a pretty good job for the Bank—but it got its return fair enough for the keepin of the money, and when the Government did'nt want it the Bank might lend it out. It took a good many years afore the Bank got things to work smooth. It was like a waggon big waggon that wanted a good many horses to drag it, and as it happened the freight was all wanted none but the best kind of horses—real Conestogas—and it warn't every one who knew how to drive such a team. The owners of this waggon found that out—for some of the first that they got came piggy nigh oversetting it. So to rights they got Squire Biddle. I suppose they thought that seem that the folks in Pennsylvany have the best and strongest horses and the biggest waggons, they ought to know best how to guide 'em. Well, they made a pretty good guess that time—for ever since they told the Squire to take the lines, they haint lost a linch-pin or broke a strap, and there warnt no complaints made about him by the folks on the road, or the Company either, but they seem to think he has done amazingly; he was always ready to give 'em a lift when he found them in the mud, and whenever they got short of provender, the Squire never refus'd to spare out some of his to keep their horses from soffer ng. And besides, he was good company, and better, and so my body and at home and abroad there warnt such a t ain in all creation. Well, about four years ago we be gan to pick a quarrel with the Squire, and its been goin on every year pretty much after this fashion. The firs go off some of our folks wanted the Squire to change some of his leadin horses—they said the breed warnt right—he might do very well for a leader, and so he was—but

Philadelphia Prices Current.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post, by Robt. T. Hoblitzell, publisher of the Reporter, Counterbook Director, and Prices Current.

FRIDAY MORNING, JANUARY 10, 1834.

ASHES.		Id. prod. 1833, lbs.	90 94
Pot, cwt	4 00	SUGARS, Brit. Colony	
Pearl		New Orleans,	
BEEF.		Havana, Matanzas,	
Prime, bbl	10 00	do. New York,	50
Mess	14 00	do. Boston,	50
Mess, No. 1	16 00	do. Havana,	50
Prime, tierce	11 00	do. Brown,	48
Mess	14 00	Teneriffe,	
Prime, No. 1	16 00	Porto Rico,	48
BREAD.		English French Isl.	50 52
Navy,	5 00	Havana & Matanzas,	50 52
Ship,	5 50	MACKEREL.	
BEESWAX.	25	No. 1, bbl	18 00
Yellow,	25	No. 2,	15 00
BRISTLES.	18	No. 3,	11 00
Russia,	18	No. 1,	5 75
CANDLES.		OIL.	
Tallow,	11	Linseed, Am. Strain	
Mould,	14	Spermaceti,	
Sperm,	40	Sperm,	
CHEESE.	10	Whale,	
COTTON. Duty 3 cts per lb.		Am. winter,	1 10 1 25
Pernambuco,	16	do. spring,	1 25
Tennessee,	15	COTTON FARM.	
Virginia,	15	Pennsylvania, low	3 00
Ala. and Ten.	15 15	do. fine,	3 50 4 00
N. C. and Geo.	14	Ohio,	
S. C. and Va.	15	Maryland,	
FREIGHTS.		Cheese,	5 6
To Liverpool, per sq. ft.	1 75	Lard,	6 7
do. via canal,		Beef, mess,	10 00
Wheeling, pr sq. ft		do. prime,	
Pittsburg, via		Pork, mess,	16
canal, ton		Prime mess,	
Baltimore, per sq. ft.		Prime,	12 00
FLOUR and MEAL.		Hams,	8 9
Baltimore, bbl	4 50	Tongues,	
Fine,		WOOL.	
Rye,	3 00	Pulled, Lambs' skins,	
Corn,		do. Spinning,	
Corn meal, in hbds	23	Am. washed, Saxony,	
GRAIN.		do. Mixed,	
Rye, Pennsylv.	80	do. Merino,	
Corn, Southern,	75	Am. unwashed, full bl'd.	
Wheat, Pennsylv.	1 10	do. Mixed,	
do. Southern,	1 10	do. Merino,	
Corn, L. C. white,		Foreign, fine,	
do. L. C. yellow,		do. mixed lambs,	
Oats, Pennsylv.	45	do. Merino,	
Barley,		Hemp,	
Buckwheat,		Tobacco, Virginia,	
Flaxseed,	70	Ken., Ohio, E.P. & S.	5 50
HOPS.		do. lumbs,	

ALEXANDER'S SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:

Saturday, January 11, 1834.

REMOVAL.

The Printing and Publication Office of this paper is now removed to No. 36 Carter's Alley, 2d door below 3d st. between Chesnut and Walnut.

☞ The pressure in the money market is at present so very severe in this city, that the notes of distant banks are now at a much greater discount than they were a month ago. We receive a large proportion of our subscriptions from country subscribers, in notes of that description, on which we suffer much loss, from the high rate of discount demanded by the brokers. Many remittances are made in five and ten dollar notes of the various state banks, which could as conveniently be made in *those of the United States Bank*, in which case we should suffer no loss. Our subscribers and agents, when remitting five dollars and upwards, will very much oblige us by procuring U. S. Bank notes, where it is possible to do so. Those who remit less, will send their own notes as heretofore.

The people throughout the Union are beginning to move in relation to the public deposites. It was laid down by a celebrated English writer, that the people, in the end, are never wrong. It would seem to be realized with the people of the United States. However they may have been deceived at the outset in relation to this important question, the light begins to break in upon them from all quarters. The great meeting at Richmond has sent forth a series of the most powerful resolutions we have ever read. At Petersburgh also, in the same state, a movement of the people has been made. New York has not been silent, nor has our own city. The hey stone state itself begins to move; the people of Bucks County are about holding a meeting to express their opinions on the subject. We doubt not their resolutions will be eloquent and patriotic. Let us hope that that voice, so unanimous, will be heard and listened to in the proper tribunal of appeal. The country needs a settlement of this great question, prosperity needs it, to relieve its pecuniary embarrassments, as well as to attract the tide of business back into its former channels, from whence it has been diverted by a measure as remarkable for its imbecile ignorance as for its high-handed recklessness.

We have received a full length mezzotinto portrait of Washington, by Illman & Pilbrow, of New York, and for sale in that city by Thomas Cotrel, No. 97 Fulton street. We may without hesitation safely say, that it is the finest mezzotinto of the kind we have ever seen; and being a large copy of Stuart's celebrated portrait, it is in all respects a suitable parlor ornament for every American gentleman. The engraving is of peculiar softness, combining accuracy of representation with a very high degree of finish. To such as cherish the memory of that great and good man, we would recommend this portrait as fit to be continually before them, that his features may be as indelibly impressed on their recollection, as his virtues ought to be upon their hearts.

A case of Real Distress.

To the embarrassments of the poor, arising from an unexpected pressure on the money market, scarcity of employment, reduced wages, &c., are now added those incidental to severe weather. We are fearful that there will be dreadful suffering among indigent families. We have already heard of several cases of affliction, and of one peculiarly distressing, in which *absolute want* has fell upon a family that once enjoyed affluence, and ranked with the highest in our city. The family is composed of a widow and her children; the lady is the wife of one who, a few years since, held an honourable civil office. His decease reduced her to poverty. She sought employment for her needle, procured it, and by unceasing industry, contrived to obtain a comfortable subsistence. But the hard times came, and her peaceful firside was visited with desolation. Her employment failed, and every resource was immediately cut off. In this situation her rent became due, and having no means to pay it, she sacrificed her furniture and home, and sought shelter for herself and children in an obscure and humble dwelling. She could not prevail upon herself to speak of her wants—the reflection was too humiliating—and she suffered every deprivation in silence. Accidentally, a few days since, she was discovered, and her situation made known to her benevolent neighbours—*she was without fuel, and almost in a starving condition!* Her wants have been temporarily relieved.

This is but one case; no doubt there are many others that appeal, equally strong, to our commiseration and sympathy. This is the season, and this the time for the operations of benevolence. Those whom Providence has blessed with plenty, should not be forgetful of the wants of the suffering and virtuous poor.

It appears from documents accompanying the annual reports of the Secretaries of War and Navy, that the U. S. Army comprises 6,412 men, viz: dragoons, 393; artillery, 1,788; infantry, 3,255; recruits and unattached soldiers, 673. The whole number of recruits, including dragoons, entered from 1st January to 30th September, 1833, is 1,036.

The number of militia in the United States, according to the latest returns, is 1,316,615.

The quantity of lead made at the U. S. Lead Mines during the year ending 30th Sept. 1833, was 7,941,792 lbs. The number of revolutionary pensioners now on the rolls, under the act of 1832, is 23,458.

The vessels now in commission are, 1 ship of the line, 3 frigates, 10 sloops of war, and 6 schooners. In ordinary, 6 ships of the line, 6 frigates, and 5 sloops of war. Building, (nearly completed) 5 ships of the line, and 7 frigates. Total, 12 ships of the line, 16 frigates, 15 sloops of war, and 6 schooners.

Between 7 and 8 o'clock Tuesday morning, a very destructive fire broke out in the extensive stores No. 37 south wharves, occupied by S. Morris Waln & Co. and J. G & D. B. Stacey. We understand the property was insured in various offices of this city to the amount of 60 or $80,000, which will probably come near covering the whole loss. The store was also insured.

A friend at Burlington, N. J., writes us under date of the 6th inst.—"The locomotive came down to Burlington to-day, and passed on three miles below us, to receive the New York passengers which left your city this morning. She had five cars in her train; it was her first visit, and truly a splendid one. The whole concern wheeled through our streets like a thing of life."

Fire at the Pennsylvania Hospital.

About 12 o'clock on Wednesday night, the western wing of the Pennsylvania Hospital, used as the insane ward, was discovered to be on fire. The discovery was made by one of the nurses, who immediately communicated it to the gate keeper, by whom the watchmen were informed, and the alarm sounded through the streets. The alarm, however, did not spread very rapidly, until a messenger was despatched to the State House. In a very few minutes the two hose companies located on the opposite lot were on the ground, and the water being let on in a copious stream, the fire was subdued in about an hour. We happened to be on the spot when the alarm was first communicated, and can find no words to convey an idea sufficiently vivid of the horrors of a burning hospital. The invalids and insane in the immediate vicinity of the fire, in spite of the extreme agitation of the moment, were speedily removed without injury, to safer rooms in the building, and the chambers they had left were rapidly cleared of their bedding, furniture and carpeting, principally by the nurses, whose activity and composure in so trying a moment, deserves the highest praise. The fire caught from the furnace used for heating that part of the house, in a sitting room appropriated to the convalescent insane, and quickly spread to a large closet, whose combustible contents were too well calculated to give it a rapidly increased degree of violence. Having destroyed that, it went through the floor, burning the joists, when the torrent of water arrested its further progress.

Lieutenant Randolph, has been discharged from custody by Chief Justice Marshall. He stated it as his opinion that "the agent of the Treasury has exceeded the authority given by law, and consequently that the imprisonment is illegal. Mr. Randolph is to be discharged from custody." The decision of the Court was received by the crowd in attendance with the most evident delight. Even the respect for the Court, and the veneration which is felt by every individual in the community, for this distinguished individual who sits as the presiding Judge, could not suppress an outward and noisy demonstration of the gratification of the audience.

BANKRUPTCY.—The Providence City Gazette of Friday last says—We learn that several eminent merchants of New Bedford stopped payment the day before yesterday, and made an assignment of their property. The causes that have led to these determinations, are to be found in the general distress and embarrassment of the money market.

THE QUAKER CONTROVERSY.—It appears from the Journal of Commerce, that a case involving the same principle as that recently tried in New Jersey, is now pending in New York. It seems that a bill has been filed in the Vice Chancellor's Court, by the Trustees and Property Committee of the Orthodox Monthly Meeting in New York, touching certain real estate, viz. about 15 lots of ground, including two meeting houses, a school house, and grave yard, the litigation of which is expected to be long-continued. A motion was made on Monday by Mr. Ketchum, that in the mean time a Receiver be appointed to receive the rents of the estate and preserve the property until a decision is had; also for the use of one of the meeting houses for worship and transaction of business; and for the use, in common with the Hicksites, of the grave yard for the burial of their dead, and also of part of the school house: The motion was to have been argued on Tuesday.

At a meeting of the Commissioners of the District of the Northern Liberties, held at their Hall, on Tuesday evening, EDWARD D. COXFIELD, Esq. was chosen Police Magistrate of the District, for the ensuing year. The following named gentlemen were duly elected Directors of the Public Schools.

John Childs,	Joseph Warner,
C. J. Butler,	Geo. M. Justice,
Benj. Matthias,	Daniel Clark,
Peter A. Keyser,	John Thompson,
Charles Naylor,	John V. Hart,
John Evans,	John Taylor.

We understand that the Managers of the Philadelphia Sacred Music Society, have determined that the first concert for the season shall take place on Thursday evening, the 23d inst. Among the pieces to be performed on the occasion, will be several select solos, duetts and choruses, from Haydn's celebrated oratorio of the Seasons.

A beautiful quarto engraving of the Rev. James Montgomery, D. D. Rector of St. Stephen's Church in this city, that is published on Monday next, and from a painting by Sully, engraved in the first style of workmanship, by Mr. J. Sartain. The likeness is excellent.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Basil Hall's Fragments.

Mr. Edward C. Mielke, No. 181 Market street, has just published, in two neat volumes, a second and third series of "Fragments of Voyages and Travels—by Capt Basil Hall." These sketches are written in a pleasant style, though occasionally prolix, and give descriptions of scenes and adventures in almost all parts of the world. The Captain is evidently a man of observation, however much his judgment may be warped by prejudice, and when disposed he can dish up an agreeable a melange of adventures as any writer we know of. We have marked for insertion, a very interesting sketch of a visit to the Sultan of Pontiana, in Bornea, with anecdotes of Sir Samuel Hood, which will give the reader a fair specimen of the style and character of the "Fragments."

We have been favored with the following pamphlets: "Minutes of the proceedings of a Convention held at Warren, Ohio, Nov. 1833, on the subject of connecting the Pennsylvania and Ohio Canals." An abstract of the doings of this body, has already appeared in this paper.

"The Captives—a poem, in three cantos. Boston—Munroe & Francis." A very pleasant production, by no means destitute of talent.

"Proposals of the American Steam Engine Company, for the construction of Locomotive Engines, &c." Applications to be made to William Norris, Secretary, Philadelphia.

The first and second volumes of Greenlank's Periodical Library, the last of which has just been completed, now lie upon our table, glittering from the hands of the binder, but presenting a much more imposing appearance within. On examining the contents of the two volumes, we are surprised to find them of such varied and delightful interest. No less than *twenty-nine* works of different kinds, have been crowded into these two volumes of the Library. Their titles are as follow:—The Life and Trials of Henry Pestalozzi; History of Peter the Great, by Count Segur; Notes of a journey through France and Italy, by Winthrop; The Last Essays of Elia; The Wounded Spirit; The Life, Martial and Miscellaneous Poems of Korner, the German Warrior Poet; Korner's Prose Tales; Tours in Upper India and the Himalaya Mountains, &c.; The Game of Life; The Young Poet; Helen Waters; The Brothers; The Rival, by the author of Recollections of the Peninsula; Anecdotes of Painters; Critical sketches of the character and genius of Scott and Byron; Journal of an Officer, employed in the expedition under the command of Capt. Owen, on the Western Coast of Africa; Notes of a Tour in Albania; Biographical and critical sketches of Sir James Mackintosh and Lord Brougham; Service Afloat; Occasades, or Marine Lyrics, by Mrs. Fletcher, late Miss Jewsbury; Sketch of the genius and character of Wordsworth, with selections from his Lyrical Ballads; Nine Months' Residence in New Zealand; The Life of Mahomet; History of the Ottoman or Turkish Empire; The Tyroler; Domestic Manners in the West Indies, by Mrs. Carmichael; Biographical Sketch of William Wilberforce; Men and Things.

The price of this work is but five dollars a year, and it gives forty-eight large octavo pages weekly for that sum. It is indeed truly surprising, how many good things can be crowded into so small a space, and afterwards sold at so low a price.

TREATISE ON ASTRONOMY.

Messrs. Carey, Lea & Blanchard, have just published in one volume of 400 pages, "A Treatise on Astronomy. By Sir John F. W. Herschel, Knt. Guelf. F. R. S." &c. It contains a vast fund of important information on this interesting science, and many tables, illustrations, plates, &c. calculated to convey a clear knowledge of all its important branches. The various subjects noticed are systematically arranged, and treated of in familiar language.

Than Astronomy there is no subject in the whole range of science, more deeply interesting to the inquiring mind; and a work like the present, embodying the researches of many distinguished natural philosophers, and bringing their investigations down to the present time, cannot but prove a valuable acquisition to every one's library.

REMOVAL OF THE DEPOSITES.

MR. CLAY'S SPEECH.

We are anxious to give our numerous readers a view of the important proceedings of Congress, but find it impossible to crowd in the whole of the great speeches, without excluding most of our usual variety. We, however, give below many of the strong points of Mr. Clay's speech, and doubt not, they will be acceptable to a majority of our readers.

Mr. Clay rose and offered the following resolutions—

1. *Resolved*, That by dismissing the late Secretary of the Treasury, because he would not, contrary to his sense of his own duty, remove the money of the United States in deposit with the Bank of the United States and its Branches, in conformity with the President's opinion; and by appointing his successor to effect such removal, which has been done, the President has assumed the exercise of a power over the Treasury of the United States not granted to him by the Constitution and Laws, and dangerous to the liberties of the people.

2. *Resolved*, That the reasons assigned by the Secretary of the Treasury for the removal of the money of the United States, deposited in the Bank of the United States and its Branches, communicated to Congress on the 3d day of Dec. 1833, are unsatisfactory and insufficient.

The resolutions having been read—

Mr. Clay rose and addressed the Senate to the following effect:—We are, said he, in the midst of a revolution, hitherto bloodless, but rapidly tending towards a total change of the pure republican character of the Government, and to the concentration of all power in the hands of one man. The powers of Congress are paralyzed, except when exerted in conformity with his will, by frequent and an extraordinary exercise of the Executive Veto, not anticipated by the founders of the Constitution, but not disused by any of the predecessors of the present Chief Magistrate. And, to cramp them still more, a new expedient is springing into use, of withholding altogether bills which have received the sanction of both Houses of Congress, thereby cutting off all opportunity of passing them, even if, after their return, the members should be unanimous in their favor. The constitutional participation of the Senate in the appointing power is virtually abolished by the constant use or the power of removal from office, without any known cause, and by the appointment of the same individual to the same office, after his rejection by the Senate. How often have we, Senators, felt that the check of the Senate, instead of being, as the Constitution intended, a salutary control was an idle ceremony? How often, when acting on the case of the nominated successor, have we felt the injustice of the removal? How often have we said to each other, well, what can we do? the office cannot remain vacant, without prejudice to the public interests, and, if we reject the proposed substitute, we cannot restore the displaced, and, perhaps, some more unworthy man may be nominated?

* * * *

The first question, sir, which I intimated it to be my purpose to examine, was, By whose direction was this change of the deposites made?

Now, Sir, is there any man who hears me, who requires proof on this point? Is there an intelligent man in the whole country who does not know who it was that decided on the removal of the deposites? Is it not of universal notoriety? Does any man doubt that it was the act of the President? That it was done by his authority and at his command? The President on this subject, has himself furnished evidence which is perfectly conclusive, in the paper which he has read to his Cabinet: for, although he has denied to the Senate an official copy of that paper, it is universally admitted that he has given it to the world as containing the reasons which influenced his act. And, in the hands of the people, if not in our Senatorial character, we have a right to avail ourselves of that paper, and of all which it contains. Is it not perfectly conclusive as to the authority by which the deposites have been removed? I admit that it is an unprecedented and most extraordinary paper.

But the question is—Who gave the orders for the removal of the deposites? By whose act were they removed from the Bank of the United States, where they were required by the law to be placed, and placed in banks which the law never designated? I tell the gentlemen who have opposed to me, that I am not to be answered by the exhibition of an order signed by R. Taney, or any one else. I want to know, not the clerk who makes the writing, but the individual who dictates—not the hangman who executes the culprit, but the tribunal which orders the execution. I want the original authority, that I may know by whose order, on whose authority the public deposites were removed, and I again ask—Is there a member of this Senate, is there an intelligent man in the whole country, who doubts of this point? Hear what the President himself says, in his Manifesto, read to his Cabinet: "The President deems it HIS duty, to communicate in this manner to his Cabinet *the final conclusions* or his own mind, and the reasons on which they are founded," &c.

At the conclusion of this paper, what does he say? "The President again repeats that he begs his Cabinet to consider the proposed measure as *his own*, in the support of which, he shall require no one of them to make a sacrifice of opinion or principle. *Its responsibility has been assumed*, after the most mature deliberation and reflection."

* * * *

Now, sir, said Mr. C. let us trace some of the other assumptions of power, or inquiries for it, says to Mr. Duane, "the President repeats that he begs the Cabinet to consider the proposed measure as his own, in the support of which he shall require no one of them to make a sacrifice of opinion or principle. Its responsibility has been assumed, after the most mature deliberation and reflection, as necessary to preserve the morals of the people, the freedom of the press, and the purity of the elective franchise." The morals of the people! What part of the Constitution has given to the President any power over "the morals of the people?" None. It does not give such power even over religion, the presiding and genial influence over every true system of morals. No, sir, it gives him no such power.

And what is the next step? To-day he claims a power as necessary to the morals of the People; to-morrow he will claim another, as still more indispensable to our religion. And the President might in this case as well have said that he went into the office of the Secretary of the Treasury, and controlled his free exercise of his authority as Secretary, because it was necessary to preserve "the freedom of the People!" I ask for the authority. Will any one of those gentlemen here, who consider themselves as the vindicators of the Executive, point me to any clause of the Constitution which gives to the present President of the United States any power to preserve "the morals of the people?"

* * * *

Let us now, said Mr. C., for a few moments examine the consequences which may ensue from the exercise of this enormous power. If the President has authority, in a case in which the law has assigned a specific duty exclusively to a designated officer, to control the exercise of his discretion by that officer, he has a right to interfere in every other case, and remove every one from office who hesitates to do his bidding, against his judgment of his own duty. This, surely, is a logical deduction not to be resisted. Well, then, how stands the matter? Recapitulating the provisions of the law prescribing how money should be drawn from the Treasury, and the deduction above stated, what, asked Mr. Clay, is to prevent the President from going to the Comptroller, and, if he will not countersign a warrant which he has found an accommodating Secretary to sign, turning him out for another; then going to the Register, and doing the same; and then to the Treasurer, and commanding him to pay over the money expressed in the warrant, or subject himself to expulsion.

Where is the security against such conduct on the part of the President? Where the boundary to this tremendous authority which he has undertaken to exercise? Sir, every barrier around the Treasury is broken down. Even the moment that the President said, "I make this a measure my own. I take upon myself the responsibility,"—from that moment the public Treasury might as well have been at the Hermitage as at this place. Sir, the measure adopted by the President, is without precedent—in our day at least. There is, indeed, a precedent on record, but you must go down to the Christian era for it. It will be recollected by those who are conversant with ancient history, that after Pompey was compelled to retire to Brundusium, Cæsar, who had been anxious to give him battle, returned to Rome, "having reduced Italy (says the historian) in sixty days—(the exact period, Sir, between the removal of the deposites and the meeting of Congress, without the usual allowance of three days of grace)—in sixty days, without bloodshed." The historian goes on: "Finding the city in a more settled condition than he expected, and many Senators there, he addressed them in a mild and gracious manner, (as the President addressed his late Secretary of the Treasury,) and desired them to send deputies to Pompey with an offer of honourable terms of peace, &c. As Metellus the tribune *opposed his* taking money out of the public Treasury and cited some laws against it—(such, sir, I suppose, as I have endeavoured to cite on this occasion)—Cæsar said—"Arms and law do not flourish together. If you are not pleased at what I am about, you have only to withdraw. [Leave the office, Mr. Duane!] War indeed will not tolerate much liberty of speech. When I say this, I am renouncing my own right; for you and all those, whom I have found exciting a spirit of faction against me, are at my disposal." Having said this, he approached the door of the Treasury, and as the keys were not produced, he sent for workmen to break them open. Metellus again opposed him, and gained credit with some for his firmness; but Cæsar with an elevated voice threatened to put him to death, if he gave him any further trouble. "And you know very well, young man," said he, "that this is harder for me to say than to do." Metellus, terrified by the menaces, retired; and Cæsar, was, afterward, easily and readily supplied with every thing necessary for the war."

And where now, sir, is the public Treasury? Who can tell? It is certainly without a local habitation, if it be not without a name. And where is the money of the People of the United States? Floating about in Treasury drafts or checks to the amount of millions, placed in the hands of tottering banks, to enable them to pay their own debts, instead of being appropriated to the service of the People. These checks are scattered to the winds by the Treasurer of the United States, who is required by law to let out money from the Treasury, on warrants signed by the Secretary of the Treasury, countersigned, registered, &c. *and not otherwise.*

* * * *

For more than fifteen years, Mr. President, I have been struggling to avoid the present state of things. I thought I perceived, in some proceedings, during the conduct of the Seminole war, a spirit of defiance to the Constitution and to all law. With what sincerity and truth—with what earnestness and devotion to civil liberty, I have struggled, the Searcher of all human hearts best knows. With what fortune, the bleeding Constitution of my country now fatally shows.

I have, nevertheless, persevered; and, under every discouragement, during the short time that I expect to remain in the public councils, I will persevere. And if a bountiful Providence will allow us opportunity enough to approach the throne of grace, I would humbly hope, as the greatest favor he can grant to me before I retire, to spare me until I live to behold the people, rising in their majesty, with a peaceful and constitutional exercise of their power, to expel the Goths from Rome—to rescue the public Treasury from pillage—to preserve the Constitution of the United States—to uphold the Union against the danger of the concentration and consolidation of all power in the hands of the Executive; and to sustain the liberties of the people of this country against the imminent perils to which they now stand exposed.

* * * *

The report of the Secretary of the Treasury, in the first paragraph, commences with a misstatement of the fact, "Being directed by the resolution, that the deposites of the money of the United States shall not be made in the Bank of the United States. If this assertion is regarded in any other than a mere formal sense, it is not true. The Secretary may have been the instrument, the clerk, the automaton, in whose name the order was issued; but the minister was then the agent of the President, by whose authority or command the order was given; and of this we have the highest and most authentic evidence. The President has told the world that the measure was his own; and that he took it upon his own responsibility. And he has exonerated his Cabinet from all responsibility about it. The Secretary ought to have frankly disclosed all the circumstances of the case, and told the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. If he had done so, he would have informed the Congress that the removals had been decided by the President on the 18th of Sept. last; that it had been announced to the public on the 20th; and that Mr. Duane remained in office until the 23d. He would have informed Congress that this important measure was decided before he entered into his new office, and was the cause of his appointment.

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From our Washington Correspondent.

Mr. ALEXANDER:—Soon after my last letter was closed Mr. Clay concluded his most able speech on the Deposit question, and Mr. Polk his singularly lame one. The President's mansion was thrown open to visitors, and the usual scene of shaking hands and waiting about the carpets took place.

On Thursday the 2d inst., the chairman of the Senate announced the special order of the day, being the Report of the Secretary of the Treasury on the removal of the Deposits. The Vice President then remarked that hereafter, there must be no demonstration in the Galleries of the feelings of the spectators at the delivery of a speech, and that effectual means would be resorted to hereafter, for suppressing it, by clearing the Galleries. Mr. Benton then rose, and delivered a most unargumentative speech in favor of the Removal, in which he indulged in very improper remarks on Mr. Clay's former conduct in the Missouri question, and should have been called to order, but was not. Before he concluded the Senate adjourned.

In the House on the same day several private bills were reported, after which it was decided by the chair that the petition of the clerk, Noah Fletcher, must remain thirty days on the table and then only be discussed on Mondays, so that Mr. Fletcher's chance is a slim one of being restored. The House then proceeded to consider the report of the Secretary of the Treasury on the removal, together with Mr. Mr. Duffins resolutions to the Committee to report a joint resolution providing that the public revenue be hereafter deposited in the Bank of the United States in conformity with the public faith pledged in the Charter of the said Bank. Mr. Polk now resumed and concluded his very inconclusive remarks, and Mr. Binney having obtained the floor, moved and adjournment, which was carried.

On Friday in the Senate a number of petitions and resolutions were presented, among them one instructing the committee on Pensions to enquire into the expediency of placing upon the Pension list applicants who shall be able to prove three months service in the Revolutionary war. One for appropriations to the Cumberland road in Ohio, Indiana and Illinois. One amending several acts relative to the Post Office department. One from Pennsylvania praying exemption from duty on rail road iron. The Vice President then announced the special order, and Mr. Benton resumed his remarks on the removal of the Deposits which he continued till three o'clock, when, by order, on whose authority the public deposits were removed, and I again ask—Is there a member of this Senate, is there an intelligent man in the whole country, who doubts of this point? Hear what the President himself says, in his Manifesto, read to his Cabinet: "The President deems it HIS duty, to communicate in this manner to his Cabinet *the final conclusions* or his own mind, and the reasons on which they are founded," &c.

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* * * *

Let us now, said Mr. C., for a few moments examine the consequences which may ensue from the exercise of this enormous power. If the President has authority, in a case in which the law has assigned a specific duty exclusively to a designated officer, to control the exercise of his discretion by that officer, he has a right to interfere in every other case, and remove every one from office who hesitates to do his bidding, against his judgment of his own duty. This, surely, is a logical deduction not to be resisted. Well, then, how stands the matter? Recapitulating the provisions of the law prescribing how money should be drawn from the Treasury, and the deduction above stated, what, asked Mr. Clay, is to prevent the President from going to the Comptroller, and, if he will not countersign a warrant which he has found an accommodating Secretary to sign, turning him out for another; then going to the Register, and doing the same; and then to the Treasurer, and commanding him to pay over the money expressed in the warrant, or subject himself to expulsion.

Where is the security against such conduct on the part of the President? Where the boundary to this tremendous authority which he has undertaken to exercise? Sir, every barrier around the Treasury is broken down. Even the moment that the President said, "I make this a measure my own. I take upon myself the responsibility,"—from that moment the public Treasury might as well have been at the Hermitage as at this place. Sir, the measure adopted by the President, is without precedent—in our day at least. There is, indeed, a precedent on record, but you must go down to the Christian era for it. It will be recollected by those who are conversant with ancient history, that after Pompey was compelled to retire to Brundusium, Cæsar, who had been anxious to give him battle, returned to Rome, "having reduced Italy (says the historian) in sixty days—(the exact period, Sir, between the removal of the deposites and the meeting of Congress, without the usual allowance of three days of grace)—in sixty days, without bloodshed." The historian goes on: "Finding the city in a more settled condition than he expected, and many Senators there, he addressed them in a mild and gracious manner, (as the President addressed his late Secretary of the Treasury,) and desired them to send deputies to Pompey with an offer of honourable terms of peace, &c. As Metellus the tribune *opposed his* taking money out of the public Treasury and cited some laws against it—(such, sir, I suppose, as I have endeavoured to cite on this occasion)—Cæsar said—"Arms and law do not flourish together. If you are not pleased at what I am about, you have only to withdraw. [Leave the office, Mr. Duane!] War indeed will not tolerate much liberty of speech. When I say this, I am renouncing my own right; for you and all those, whom I have found exciting a spirit of faction against me, are at my disposal." Having said this, he approached the door of the Treasury, and as the keys were not produced, he sent for workmen to break them open. Metellus again opposed him, and gained credit with some for his firmness; but Cæsar with an elevated voice threatened to put him to death, if he gave him any further trouble. "And you know very well, young man," said he, "that this is harder for me to say than to do." Metellus, terrified by the menaces, retired; and Cæsar, was, afterward, easily and readily supplied with every thing necessary for the war."

And where now, sir, is the public Treasury? Who can tell? It is certainly without a local habitation, if it be not without a name. And where is the money of the People of the United States? Floating about in Treasury drafts or checks to the amount of millions, placed in the hands of tottering banks, to enable them to pay their own debts, instead of being appropriated to the service of the People. These checks are scattered to the winds by the Treasurer of the United States, who is required by law to let out money from the Treasury, on warrants signed by the Secretary of the Treasury, countersigned, registered, &c. *and not otherwise.*

* * * *

For more than fifteen years, Mr. President, I have been struggling to avoid the present state of things. I thought I perceived, in some proceedings, during the conduct of the Seminole war, a spirit of defiance to the Constitution and to all law. With what sincerity and truth—with what earnestness and devotion to civil liberty, I have struggled, the Searcher of all human hearts best knows. With what fortune, the bleeding Constitution of my country now fatally shows.

I have, nevertheless, persevered; and, under every discouragement, during the short time that I expect to remain in the public councils, I will persevere. And if a bountiful Providence will allow us opportunity enough to approach the throne of grace, I would humbly hope, as the greatest favor he can grant to me before I retire, to spare me until I live to behold the people, rising in their majesty, with a peaceful and constitutional exercise of their power, to expel the Goths from Rome—to rescue the public Treasury from pillage—to preserve the Constitution of the United States—to uphold the Union against the danger of the concentration and consolidation of all power in the hands of the Executive; and to sustain the liberties of the people of this country against the imminent perils to which they now stand exposed.

* * * *

The report of the Secretary of the Treasury, in the first paragraph, commences with a misstatement of the fact, "Being directed by the resolution, that the deposites of the money of the United States shall not be made in the Bank of the United States. If this assertion is regarded in any other than a mere formal sense, it is not true. The Secretary may have been the instrument, the clerk, the automaton, in whose name the order was issued; but the minister was then the agent of the President, by whose authority or command the order was given; and of this we have the highest and most authentic evidence. The President has told the world that the measure was his own; and that he took it upon his own responsibility. And he has exonerated his Cabinet from all responsibility about it. The Secretary ought to have frankly disclosed all the circumstances of the case, and told the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. If he had done so, he would have informed the Congress that the removals had been decided by the President on the 18th of Sept. last; that it had been announced to the public on the 20th; and that Mr. Duane remained in office until the 23d. He would have informed Congress that this important measure was decided before he entered into his new office, and was the cause of his appointment.

* * * *

From our Washington Correspondent.

Mr. ALEXANDER:—Soon after my last letter was closed Mr. Clay concluded his most able speech on the Deposit question, and Mr. Polk his singularly lame one. The President's mansion was thrown open to visitors, and the usual scene of shaking hands and waiting about the carpets took place.

On Thursday the 2d inst., the chairman of the Senate announced the special order of the day, being the Report of the Secretary of the Treasury on the removal of the Deposits. The Vice President then remarked that hereafter, there must be no demonstration in the Galleries of the feelings of the spectators at the delivery of a speech, and that effectual means would be resorted to hereafter, for suppressing it, by clearing the Galleries. Mr. Benton then rose, and delivered a most unargumentative speech in favor of the Removal, in which he indulged in very improper remarks on Mr. Clay's former conduct in the Missouri question, and should have been called to order, but was not. Before he concluded the Senate adjourned.

In the House on the same day several private bills were reported, after which it was decided by the chair that the petition of the clerk, Noah Fletcher, must remain thirty days on the table and then only be discussed on Mondays, so that Mr. Fletcher's chance is a slim one of being restored. The House then proceeded to consider the report of the Secretary of the Treasury on the removal, together with Mr. Mr. Duffins resolutions to the Committee to report a joint resolution providing that the public revenue be hereafter deposited in the Bank of the United States in conformity with the public faith pledged in the Charter of the said Bank. Mr. Polk now resumed and concluded his very inconclusive remarks, and Mr. Binney having obtained the floor, moved and adjournment, which was carried.

On Friday in the Senate a number of petitions and resolutions were presented, among them one instructing the committee on Pensions to enquire into the expediency of placing upon the Pension list applicants who shall be able to prove three months service in the Revolutionary war. One for appropriations to the Cumberland road in Ohio, Indiana and Illinois. One amending several acts relative to the Post Office department. One from Pennsylvania praying exemption from duty on rail road iron. The Vice President then announced the special order, and Mr. Benton resumed his remarks on the removal of the Deposits which he continued till three o'clock, when, by order, on whose authority the public deposits were removed, and I again ask—Is there a member of this Senate, is there an intelligent man in the whole country, who doubts of this point? Hear what the President himself says, in his Manifesto, read to his Cabinet: "The President deems it HIS duty, to communicate in this manner to his Cabinet *the final conclusions* or his own mind, and the reasons on which they are founded," &c.

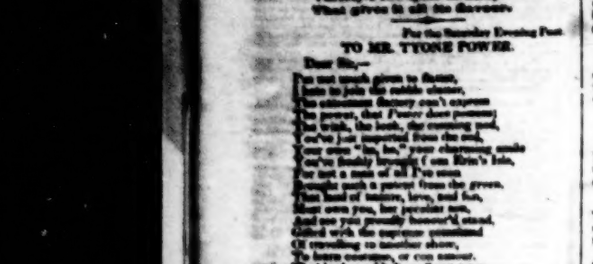
At the conclusion of this paper, what does he say? "The President again repeats that he begs his Cabinet to consider the proposed measure as *his own*, in the support of which, he shall require no one of them to make a sacrifice of opinion or principle. *Its responsibility has been assumed*, after the most mature deliberation and reflection."

* * * *

Now, sir, said Mr. C. let us trace some of the other assumptions of power, or inquiries for it, says to Mr. Duane, "the President repeats that he begs the Cabinet to consider the proposed measure as his own, in the support of which he shall require no one of them to make a sacrifice of opinion or principle. Its responsibility has been assumed, after the most mature deliberation and reflection, as necessary to preserve the morals of the people, the freedom of the press, and the purity of the elective franchise." The morals of the people! What part of the Constitution has given to the President any power over "the morals of the people?" None. It does not give such power even over religion, the presiding and genial influence over every true system of morals. No, sir, it gives him no such power.

And what is the next step? To-day he claims a power as necessary to the morals of the People; to-morrow he will claim another, as still more indispensable to our religion. And the President might in this case as well have said that he went into the office of the Secretary of the Treasury, and controlled his free exercise of his authority as Secretary, because it was necessary to preserve "the freedom of the People!" I ask for the authority. Will any one of those gentlemen here, who consider themselves as the vindicators of the Executive, point me to any clause of the Constitution which gives to the present President of the United States any power to preserve "the morals of the people?"

* *



For the Saturday Evening Post.

TO MR. TYRONE POWER.

Dear Sir,—
You not much given to flattery,
Hate to join the rabble chorus,
The enthusiastic flattery can't express
The power, that *Power* does possess,
The trick, the look, the cunning mind,
I've just imported from the Emerald Isle,
For not a man of all Tyrone
Brought such a power among the crowd,
That had of nature, love, and fun,
Their own you, her peculiar sun,
And you are justly honour'd stand,
Gifted with the same power, possessed
Of crossing to another shore,
To have courage, or can amuse,
The' lords, and lairds, all can trace
In trace *Sir Pat's* good humoured face,
Same cadency, which the, suppose
Natural counsel beneath the rose;
Passed by one, and then another,
Taken for that, and then for brother
Thus claim the sense of hilarious,
Without one word of explanation,
And leaves you just so much in doubt,
As you were, one they found you out.
When with that look of pensive *Sir Pat*,
You wondered what they'd all been at.
But soon the illusion pass over,
And the whole thing was but a play.
And you say reason well could and
Behold Sir Pat, Doctor O'Toole,
With smiles, that might have won Ke o Keeney
Sitting alone the *Graves of Harvey.*
Or falling on an empty cask
Instead of teaching *Charles* his task.
And your wild pranks how quick you'd twist 'em
Reckoning, "in part of me system,"
At last, with most becoming grace,
You quietly gave up your place,
Thinking, no doubt, some one else work
Would better suit *Teddy O'Rourke.*
And for the present give up teaching,
To have a good run of the Kitchen.
Teddy, forward—I make my bow
To him who kept the hound *Red Cow;*
Nobody's prayers have to say,
Dennis! how do you do, the day?
Passing along to that brigade,
Teddy Mullaney, the young rider;
The best of *Donderford* was chosen,
Mordy, because you had his clothes on,
But Phew found you out at last,
And that bright fortune was o'erpast;
Then more warm hearts, and thanks were shown ye,
As the intrepid, brave *Mullaney.*
St. Patrick's Eve, what shall I say,
Of that great order of the day,
I answer can not just so but I felt,
That *Power* would make my heart so melt,
Almost (forgive itself to tears,
It certainly to me appears,
The strangest thing I've ever known,
That one, whose very look, and tone,
Is half'd with such an echoing shout,
From hundred bosom's bursting out!
Should then so hold the entranced soul,
That the warm tears, unbidden should roll
Over a cheek, where scarce a minute
Elapsed, since joy not showed more plain
Than the same tears, unbidden, gushed
Forth, from the same source gushed
Oh! wonderous *Power*, oh! wonderous fact,
Freely to write, and then, to act,
That sentiment, and action, steal
Into the heart, and make it feel.
Enough, I dare not, cannot scan
The acts, and writings of a man,
Of whom, it one unmoment, slip,
Some sense, or reason gone my lip,
Hundreds, aye thousands then will say,
I break an *order of the day.*
So much like life your actions seem,
Your characters, yourself I deem,
Did not your wide extent, and range,
Admit of such a wonderous change
Who, in *O'Rafferty*, poor wight,
Would know the new created knight,
In him, who sung the greatest joys,
Or his own brave *Aldreamy Boys?*
Yes, I forgot *O'Toole, Sir Pat,*
Teddy O'Dougherty, and that
Good humour'd soul, he looks allow
Who kept, the' badly, th' *Red Cow;*
And fool alone of all the rest,
Paudreen O'Rafferty is best.

I.—

Hum Pagan.—There was once a country storekeeper, who was remarkable for the high prices he charged for his goods. A customer calling one day, found the store open, but no one in attendance. At last, he heard a voice, which he thought was that of Mr. Dunbar, say, "Kinsey over to —," a distance of about ten miles.) "What! and leave his store open!" "Yes, his goods are marked so high, he knows that the one who *steals them, gets a hard bargain at that!*—*Lowell Times.*

Very Malapropos.—A certain turf Baronet who had been struck with the charms of a pretty *fille de chambre* of his lady's, lately stumbled on her on the staircase and could not resist the temptation of imprinting some kisses, which the damsel cordially returned. Flushed with captivement, Sir ——exclaimed, "By Jove, Susan, your lips are sweeter than your mistress's." "Lord, Sir, (and she blushing modestly, with the greatest naiveté,) only think! why now if John, my lady's own man, does not say the same." The Baronet's courage cooled down to zero.

During a cause in which the boundaries of a piece of land were to be ascertained, the counsel of the one part stated, 'we lye on this side,' my Lord; and the counsel of the other part, 'and we lye on this side.' The Chancellor stood up and said, if you *lie on both sides*, whom will you have me to believe?

Among other notions of Frederick William, he believed that he possessed a taste for painting. During his fits of the gout, he used to amuse himself in practising this art. One of his own Grenadiers was usually the model from which he copied, and when the portrait was more or less colouring than the original, *he had the soldier's face painted so as to resemble the picture!* He used to exhibit his paintings to his courtiers, who of course praised them. "Well," said he one day, to an attendant who was admiring one of his pictures, "how much do you think that picture would bring at sale?" "Here, it would be cheap at a hundred dueats." "You shall have it for fifty," said the King, "because you are a good judge, and I am therefore anxious to do you a favor." The courtier was obliged to become the possessor of the miserable daub, and pay the fifty ducats.

A blackmouth brought up his son, to whom he was very severe, to his trade. The urchin was a most audacious dog. One day the old gentleman was attempting to harden a cold chisel which he had made of foreign steel, but he could not succeed. "Hurra, whip it, father," exclaimed the young one; "if that will not harden it, I don't know what will."

Original Answers.—A few days since, a lady stopped into a store not a hundred miles from New Town and enquired of the dapper little man who kept the store, whether *Monsoon* was good for anything? Our *Hudsonville*, and the gentleman with a profound bow, and at the same time stepped round the counter, and handing down a horse-collar. The lady nearly screaming with laughter explained herself in English and asked long cloth!—*Louisiana paper.*

The Pawtucket Chronicle relates an account of a negro fiddler who fiddled in a grave yard and raised the dead—also of another who when dying cried out "whatever round the corner."

Every body in Boston must recollect Tom Granger, some leader of the Theatrical orchestra in that city. He one night fiddled through the whole of the overture to *Tancredi* so fast asleep that he was heard to snore a bass accompaniment.

Never did an Irishman utter a better bull than did an honest John, who being asked by a friend, "Has your sister got a son or a daughter," answered, "I pass my life, I do not yet know whether I am an uncle or aunt."

A black joke.—Blacker passing along Fleet street, was accosted at hearing a voice call out, "How d'ye do, master Mungo, how d'ye do, Snowball," and on looking up, observed a pageant from a parlor, in a splendid gilt cage. "Also, mason Parrot," said Blacker, "you great man here; you live in *gold house* now, but me know you *fader* very well, *he* live in *de hold.*"

Pious compliment.—As a Bishop was recommending from Louis XIII. the invocation of the Holy Ghost, and thus saying, as is usual on that occasion, "Dignus non eum dignus," "Lord, I am not worthy of the honor," "I know that well enough," replied the king, "but I could not resist the temptation of my cousin, Cardinal Richelieu, who begged me to give it to you."

A new method of taking a Profile.—Early on a very cold morning, a travelling profile cutter called at the house of a wag, and inquired if he wanted a profile taken. "Yes," was his reply, "I want yours taken from my door."

The Statesman.—Judge a man by his actions—a poet by his eye—an ether by his fingers—a lawyer by his tongue—a player by his strut—a beggar by his sorrows—an Indian by his gait—a politician by his smiles—a Quaker by his coat—a soldier by his courage—a sailor by his agility—a fiddler by his elbow—and a woman by her manner.

Wrong impression.—A lady asked a child how long it took to build Rome, and was answered a night. "How do you make that out?" She replied, "Because mamma told me it was not built in a day."

Country answer.—"Might you name the finest?" said a lout to that oddest of odd fellows, I——, after a stay at his door long enough to disturb the occupants of the neighborhood. "Yes, I might, but it sins by a long chalk."

From Montgomery's Lectures
EARLY POETRY.

The most ancient specimen of oral literature on record we find in the oldest book, which is itself the most ancient specimen of written literature. This is the speech of Lamech to his two wives (in the fourth chapter of Genesis,) which, though consisting of but thirteen words, nevertheless exemplifies all the peculiarities of Hebrew verse—parallelism, amplification, and antithesis. The passage is exceedingly obscure, and I shall not attempt to interpret it; the mere collocation of words, as they stand in the authorized English Bible, will answer our present purpose—

"Adah and Zillah! hear my voice;
Ye wives of Lamech, hearken unto my speech.
"For I have slain a man to my wounding,
And a young man to my hurt."

Here is amplification; concerning the man slain in the first clause, we have the additional information in the second that he was "a young man."

"If Cain shall be avenged seven fold,
Truly Lamech seventy and seven fold."

The antithesis in this couplet consists, not in contrary, but in aggravation of the opposing terms—seven fold contrasted with seventy and seven fold.

The context of this passage has a peculiar interest at this time, when the prescription of everlasting ignominy is taken off from the multitude, and hoisted edge in because so much the birthright of the people of Britain as liberty. This Lamech, who, if not the inventor of poetry, was one of the earliest of poets, had three sons, of whom Jabal, the father of such as dwell in tents, followed agriculture; Jubal the father of all such as handle the harp and organ, cultivated music; while Tubal-Cain, an instructor of every artificer in brass and iron, practiced handicraft. Thus, in the seventh generation of man, in one family we find poetry, music, agriculture, and the mechanical arts.

The next specimen which occurs in Sacred Writ are the words of Noah, when he awoke from his wine, and knew what his children had respectively done unto him—

"Cursed be Canaan;
A servant of servants shall he be to his brethren:
Blessed be the Lord God of Shem;
And Canaan shall be his servant:
God shall enlarge Japheth,
And he shall dwell in the tents of Shem,
And Canaan shall be his servant."

This quotation, in the closing triplet, rises into genuine poetry, by the introduction of a fine pastoral metaphor illustrative of the manner of living among the ancient patriarchs—

"God shall enlarge Japheth,
And he shall dwell in the tents of Shem.

But these lines are more striking, as exhibiting the first example of the union of poetry and prophecy; for in these primitive days,

——"the sacred name
Of prophet and of poet were the same."

Cooper.

I have passed over the reputed prophecies of Enoch before the flood, because, though we have a quotation from them in the Epistle of St. Jude, the original language in which they were uttered is either itself extinct, or, if it were the Hebrew, has lost the words that embodied them. It may be observed, however, that the literal extract in the Greek Testament bears tokens of the original having been rhythmical, which is specially indicated by the use of one emphatical word four times in as many lines—a phenomen that would hardly have occurred in prose composition, even in the age of Adam, but might be gracefully adapted to the cadence and character of the most ancient mode of verse.

Isaac's benedictions upon Esau and Jacob are at least presumptive evidence of the advanced state of oral literature—for we must probably now be invented) in his age. The critics, I believe, do not allow the language to have the decided marks of Hebrew rhythm. If so, the passage may be, without heresies, set down as the oldest specimen of prose in the world.

Of the words of dying Jacob, however, there is no question that the structure of them is verse, and the substance of them at once poetry and prophecy of the highest order. It might seem, from the poetical sentiments and the brilliancy of the illustrations, as though the patriarch on his dying couch, surrounded by his mourning family, were again caught up into the visions of the Lord—as when in his youth, he lay alone on the earth in the wilderness, and saw the angels of God ascending upon a ladder, that reached from his stone pillow into the heavens; for here, in his last necrosis, it is even as if he had learned the language, and spoke with the tongues of angels—so fervent, pure, and abundant in wisdom and grace are the words of his mouth and the aspirations of his heart. One extract will suffice:—

"Judah is a lion's whelp; from the prey, my son, thou art gone up: he stooped down, he couched as a lion, and as an old lion, who shall rouse him up?"

"The sceptre shall not depart from Judah, nor a lawgiver from between his feet, until Shiloh come; and to him shall the gathering of the people be."

"Binding his foal unto the vine, and his ass's colt unto the choice vine; he washed his garments in wine, and his clothes with the blood of grapes."

"His eyes shall be red with wine, and his teeth white with milk."

The whole of this imagery might be engraved in hieroglyphics, but not one of the sister arts alone can do it justice, for it combines the excellences of all three—picture to the eye, music to the ear, poetry to the mind.

The Hangman and the Judge.—Under this title a letter has been published, which is presumed to be addressed by 'Jack Ketch,' to Mr. Justice *Alderson.* We extract the following graphic description of an execution in England.—"Last year I was called out of town to hang a little boy, for killing with malice aforethought. It guilty, he must have been in the habit of going to executions. Ten thousand people came to dangle in the young murderer's blood. That was the youngest fellow creature I ever handled in the way of our business; and a beautiful child he was too, with a straight nose, large blue eyes, and golden hair. I have no heart, no feelings, who has, in our calling? but those who come to see me strangle that tender youngster, have hearts, and feelings as we had once. Have—no—had, for what they saw was fit to make them hard as your servant or master. They saw the stripling lifted fainting into the gallows, his smooth cheeks of the colour of wood ashes, his limbs trembling, his lesson learning sigh after sigh, as I built and lashed away putting without my help. It was not a downright murder, for there was scarce any life to take out of him. When I began to put the cap over his face, he pressed his small hands together (his arms you know were corded fast to his body) and gave me a beseeching look, just as the calf will lick the butcher's hand. That calf's eyes haunt me, I can't get rid of them—They, Sir, don't hurt me?" 'My dear,' answered I, 'you should have spoken to my master, I am only the instrument, and must do as I am bid.' The made him cry, which seemed a relief to him; and I do think I should have cried myself, if I had not heard shouts from the crowd, 'Poor lamb! Shame!' 'Murder!' 'Quick,' said the Sheriff of Middlesex, and I, Reverend Chaplain gave me a wink, the drop fell, one kick, and he swayed to and fro, dead as the feelings of an English Judge. The crowd dispersed; some weeping, with passionate exclamations, some swearing, and some laughing while they cracked black-guard jokes on the Judge and me, and the parson and the dangling corpse. The last I heard of the boy, was that he have come to see an angel murdered. They had come to get drunk with strong excitement; they went back reeling and filthy with the hot debauch. They had come to riot in the pamonia of tears and pity; they went back home in a fever of rage, some burning with hate, some hardened in heart, like tin or you; all sank down in their respect, ready to make light of pain and blood, corrupted by the lowest show, and more fit than ever to create work for us, the Judge and the hangman."

Some years before we became settled in life, it was our custom to spend a few weeks in the spring and autumn, for the purpose of fishing and sporting at a small village on the south shore. Our landlady was very ugly and rather cross, but blessed with "one fair daughter," with whom we occasionally took a walk in a grave by moonlight, the interval of sentimental speech being filled up by our cool echo, and the perspective being generally a rainy walk home afterwards. She was tall and wrote poetry, at least we have a song of her's entitled, "Why do I weep?" to the the tune of "There is one lock about the house," in slow time—It having been ascertained that quick tunes are the most pathetic ones when sung slow. A beautiful thing we thought it, then, and were surprised that she did not put "Alice Gray" *dare d'embal.* We thought also that we were in love; and are very glad it was not so, for she turned out fat and red nose and with her roast beef. She married a particular friend of ours, and we wished him joy. We wish him so still, but doubt the efficacy of our prayers, inasmuch as his wife's countenance resembled an illuminated dial plate. All this, however, has nothing to do with the anecdote. During the interval between one of our spring and fall visits, our hostess became converted. We were ignorant of this, but as we drove up to the door at which she was residing, we imagined something was in the wind, for her face seemed to "shed a brewster hotter o's." the front yard. "Good morning, Mrs. T——," throwing our value from the chaise, and preparing to alight.

"We can't accommodate you, sir."
"Have you boarders?"
"No, sir, but we can't take you."
"Haven't I always conducted myself like a gentleman?"
"Yes, I spose so—in a worldly way; but you are a sinner, young man,—you dont believe as I do."
"Why, what do you believe that I dont?"
"You don't believe that we shall all be damned."
"No, not all—but I believe that some will."
"How many?"
"Fifty thousand, perhaps."
"*Well, that's better than nothing.*"

Destruction of Human Life by Cholera.—The disease called epidemic Cholera appears to have been unknown previous to 1817, when it appeared in India. Since that time till near the end of 1831, a period of about fifteen years, there has been throughout the world no nearly so can be estimated, one hundred million cases. Of these fifty one half, at least, must have death, which gives a mortality from this single disease, of 30,000,000 in the above period, or upwards of 2,333,000 annually. In Indostan, the mortality has exceeded 10,000,000. These calculations have been made by Pariqua, the celebrated French physician, and it is estimated they are rated under, rather than above the truth.

A GOOD STORY.

There lived lately in one of mountainous counties in Western Virginia many Dutchmen, and among them, one named Henry Snyder; and there were likewise two brothers, called George and Jake Fulwider—they were all rich, and each owned a mill. Henry Snyder was subject to fits of derangement, but they were not of such a nature as to render him dangerous to any one. He merely conceived himself to be the Supreme Ruler of the Universe; and, while under the infatuation, had himself a throne built, on which he sat to try the cause of all who offended; hang and pardon them off to heaven or hell, as his humour prompted—he personating both Judge and culprit.

It happened one day that some difficulty occurred between Henry Snyder and the Fulwiders, on account of their mills when, to be avenged, Henry Snyder took along with him a book in which he recorded his judgments, and mounted his throne to try their causes. He was heard to pass the following judgments.

Having prepared himself, (acting as Judge and yet responding for the accused,) he called George Fulwider.

"George Fulwider, stand up. What hath you been doin in dis lower world?"

"Ah! Lort, I dose not know."

"Well, George Fulwider, has'nt you got a mill?"

"Yes, lort, I hash."

"Well, George Fulwider, didn't you never take too much toll?"

"Yes, Lort, I hashe—when der water was low, and mein stones wash dull, I take a bushe too much toll.

"Well, den, George Fulwider, you must go to der hell, and der quake.

"Well, Shake Fulwider, now you stand up. What you been doin in dis lower world?"

[The trial proceeded throughout precisely like the former, and with the same result.]

"Now I tryv mineself, Henry Snyder! Henry Snyder! stand up. What hash you been do in indis lower world?"

"Ah! Lort, I dose not know."

"Well, Henry Snyder, has'nt you got a mill?"

"Yes, Lort, I hash."

"Well, Henry Shnyder, did'nt you never take too much toll?"

"Yes, Lort, I hash—when der water wash low, and mein stones wash dull, I hash taken a *bushe* too much toll."

"But, Henry Snyder, vat did you do wid der toll."

"Ah! Lort, I gives it to poor."

(Pausing:) "Well, Henry Shnyder, you must go to der right mad der sheep; *but it is a tem tight squeeze!*"

Revolutionary Pensioners.—The number of Revolutionary pensioners on the rolls of the War office, Oct. 17th, 1831, was 11,966. Of this number 760 reside in Maine, 703 in New-Hampshire, 1429 in Massachusetts, 693 Connecticut, 160 in Rhode Island, 934 in Vermont, 2,249 in New York, 380 in New Jersey, 1031 in Pennsylvania, 15 in Delaware, 140 in Maryland, 646 in Virginia, 256 in North Carolina, 116 in South Carolina, 77 in Georgia, 678 in Kentucky, 275 in Tennessee, 534 in Ohio, 224 in Indiana, 10 in Louisiana, 16 in Mississippi, 10 in Michigan, 28 in Illinois, 35 in Alabama, 18 in Missouri, and 18 in the District of Columbia. Besides these there were 3368 invalid pensioners. The amount of warrants issued in 1831 for the payment of Revolutionary pensioners, was $1,005,631 78; and for invalid pensioners, $146,512 10.

PULPIT ELOQUENCE.

The Washington correspondent of the Boston Morning Post, gives the following notice of theschapelain to the House of Representatives:—

Mr. Stockton, the Chaplain, officiated at the Capitol last Sunday, and gave us the finest specimen of pulpit oratory I have witnessed since the days of Dr. Holley. He is of the Methodist persuasion; a young man of middle size, light complexion, of frail figure and health. His voice, though very fine and exceedingly distinct, is not so musical as Maffitt's; but his manner is more grave. His sermon, (which was extemporaneous) was on the character, crucifixion, and resurrection of our Saviour; the text, I think, 1 Corinthians, 30 to 8th verses. I have rarely seen so inspired an orator; or so overpowering an audience. His style was highly poetic; though his argument strictly logical. He made use of one striking and beautiful figure towards the close of his discourse, which seemed to draw a simultaneous and involuntary *movement* of silent applause from the whole audience: As the moon, said he, reflects the light of the invisible sun, so Christ reflected the glory of the invisible God.

Chinese Clock.—The most curious thing in the Cathedral at Lubeck, is a clock of singular construction. It is calculated to answer astronomical purposes, representing the places of the sun and moon in the celestial, the moon's age, a perpetual calendar, and many other contrivances. The clock, as an inscription sets forth, was placed in the Church on Candlemas day, in 1405. Over the face of it appears an image of our Saviour, and on either side of the image are folding doors, so constructed as to fly open every day when the clock strikes twelve. At this hour, a set of figures, representing the twelve apostles, come out from the door on the left hand of the image, and pass by in review before it, each figure making its obedience by bowing as it passes that of our Saviour, and afterwards entering the door on the right hand. When the procession terminates the doors close.—*Clark's Travels in Scandinavia.*

MISS POLLY GRIMES.

Miss Polly Grimes is still a maid;
She says she don't will wed;
Her week day Lock's blue calico,
Her Sunday one is red.

Her cheeks are blooming as the rose—
Her eyes are heavenly blue;
She does not wear a "bustable"
To hide her face from view.

She never lets her beaux "make free,"
Nor listens to their vows;
When *she* gets up she makes the beds—
At evening milks the cows.

Not does she like affected belles
Attempt to pose her;
She's busy every baking day,
At making cakes and pies.

She's always up at six o'clock,
In time to skim the milk;
Her bonnet's inside of yellow straw—
And neatly trimmed w th silk.

Her mind is of a serious turn,
She often thinks of death;
She does not like to have her stays so tight,
They make her gape for breath.

Her mother thinks there never was
Child be born as she w ould;
Her hair is parted o'er her brow—
She never has it curled.

Believed by all her female friends
She leads an easy life,
And any man in town would jump,
To get her for his wife. COMIS.

Curiosities are ranked with the troublesome attendants of the winter season. They sometimes attract, but oftener they annoy and painful disease, especially when the skin breaks and ulceration ensues—a state in which it is not easily curable. The Medical Journal, however, remarks that "a very large proportion of the cases of chilblain attract sufficient notice at an earlier period of their progress, and when the skin is yet unbroken. All those who require a cure for the gold beater's skin, and a loose shoe. After soaking the feet in warm water, let the heels or other part effected be well covered with thin article, and in a few days the irritation will subside, in a vast proportion of cases, if not in all. Simple as this remedy is, it will be found more effectual than all the plasters and washes of the pharmacopœia, and seldom if ever will it disappoint the expectations of the physician or his patient."

Rural Economist.

From the Providence Republican Herald.

GO TO WORK THE RIGHT WAY.

ADDRESSED TO FARMERS.

I am sorry there is so much need of the admonitions I am about to give. Do what you do, but do it "work it right," or you would make your farms just twice as valuable as they now are. Many of you farm too much. You would find it much more profitable to farm twenty acres well, than forty by halves. The last season I made my grounds produce at the rate of one hundred bushels of Indian corn to the acre. In this not much better than a common crop of thirty or forty bushels? You will certainly say it is, and with the same breath ask how I manage to produce so plentifully? My land being much hilented with ground nuts, or moles, and overrun with grubs and other vermin, I put on early in the month of March, about seven bushels of salt to the acre, which thoroughly destroyed all kind of vermin, being an excellent stimulant, and ploughed and harrowed the ground over and over, until it became completely mellow. I then had every cornhole filled with long manure, and after dropping my corn, (which had previously been soaked in warm water,) I scattered a pint of lime over every hill, and then covered the whole with a little mellow earth. In about a week the corn began to come up plentifully, after which I turned it with the plough and hoe, every other week, for eight weeks, at which time it was as high as my head, and not a spare of it was destroyed either by frost, grub, or birds. My other things I managed, and equally well, and I have been amply paid for all my extra care and trouble, as I raised more than twice as much per acre as any of my neighbors, and did it in much less time. I mean I got all my harvesting done two or three weeks before many others. This is accomplished in a great measure by redoubling time; rising between three and four o'clock in the morning, then if the day be sultry and hot, I lie from twelve to three, and rest, I then feel refreshed and able to work till quite dark. This I call "working it right," whereas should I lie on bed until the sun be up and shame me, haunt the tavern at night, drink too much whiskey, but half manure, half plough, half plant, half mow, half harvest, and do every thing by halves, I surely should not "work it right," nor get half a crop.

I shall now conclude by giving you, for further consideration, a few excellent observations, from a sister work, perhaps, than my own, and hope that every brother farmer will do like wise.

"I often say to myself, what a pity it is our farmers do not work it right. When I see a man turn his cattle into the road to run at large, and waste their manure during a winter's day I say that man does not work it right. Ten loads of good manure, at least, is lost in a season, by this shiverly practice—and all for what? For nothing indeed but to run in farm.

"So, when I see cattle late in the fall and early in the spring running in a meadow or mowing field, pushing the soil and breaking the grass roots, I say to myself, this man does not work it right.

"So, when I see a barn yard with a drain to it, I say this man does not work it right, for how easy it is to make a yard hollow, or lowest in the middle, to receive the manure and all the wash of the eaves, which will thus be kept dry for the cattle. The wash and moisture of the yard mixed with any kind of earth, or potted straw, as excellent manure, yet how much do not our farmers lose by neglecting these; in fact, they do not work it right.

"When I see a farmer often going to a retailer's store, with a bottle or jug, or lounging about taverns, or wrangling about politics, or quarreling with and defaming his neighbor's good name, I am certain such a man does not work it right."

AN OLD FARMER.

Potatoes, food for Horses.—An Irish writer on husbandry, whose name is Martin Doyle, and whose works were published in Dublin in 1830, has the following remarks:

With respect to potatoe-feeding for horses, I recommend it from an experience of some years. My horses are old, (one of them at least 30 years of age,) but they are in high spirits and condition from having every evening after work, excepting during the cold months, (when grass, &c. was cut and carried to them,) an abundant supply of boiled potatoes (ba ns) regularly given to them; but as the minority of T. C. Curwen, Esq. M. P. of Workington Hall, Cumberland, is infinitely more valuable than mine on this subject, I shall quote the following passages from his "Agricultural Hints."

"It requires from five to six hours for a horse to masticate a stone (14 lbs.) of hay, while he can eat a stone of potatoes in twenty minutes or less. The saving of four hours for rest, is alone sufficient to produce the greater difference in the health and condition of the animal. After great fatigue also a horse would be tempted to take warm food when he would not eat hay. I have at the time in my works laborers which were purchased six years ago of a farmer, who was selling off his stock as worn out, and of little value, and which are yet able to do their work with the best horses I have. I think there is little doubt of the life of this valuable animal being considerable prolonged by this mode of feeding—I have begun to mix an equal quantity of cut straw and potatoes; racks are, according to the mode of feeding, as unnecessary as they are productive of waste; for to save trouble they are always filled; and what is not eaten is always so tainted with the breath of the animal as to be wasted." Probably steamed mangel wurtzel and other roots would be valuable as food for horses.—*New England Farmer.*

Manan's Roads.—The principles upon which these ought to be construc ed, are—

1. That the bed of the road shall be g oded, or fashioned, while the earth is dry. And

2. That it shall be so covered and protected, as always to remain dry.

The means to be state, broken into pieces not to exceed two inches in diameter, put on and compressed in different strata, without earth, sand or gravel, that they may unite by their angles, by heavy pressure upon the surface, so as to become impervious to water from above. If the stone exceed two inches, the foot of the horse, or the wheel, convert them into a sliding lever, depressing one end and elevating the other, the centre of the stone becoming the fulcrum. The large stones thus work to the surface, and prevent the mass becoming compact. Earth, sand and gravel prevent that perfect union of the angles which renders the covering impervious to water.

The protection required is,

1. Curb stones, or other means, to prevent the metal covering from spreading, as this would let in water.

2. By drains upon the sides of sufficient depth to give a descent of an inch to a foot from the upper surface of the arch to their bottoms, that the bed of the road may not become wet by capillary attraction.

3. By sufficient outlets, through the curb stones, for the water which falls upon the beds of the road to pass readily into the side gutters. And

4. By promptly filling, with broken stone, the first indications of a rut; which, if suffered to remain, will soon wear so deep as to let the water through the covering, and saturate the bed of the road.

The durability of a M'Adam's road, or the expense of keeping it in repair, will depend upon a due observance of these rules, and upon the quality of the stone of which the road of covering is formed—the harder the material the less liable to wear. Granite is the best material; quartz and lime stone good; but argillaceous, or clay slate, should be avoided.—*Gen. Tar.*

Isaac Norcross,

Boot and Shoe Maker, No. 8, Nortrh Second street, below Fourth, Philadelphia, respectfully informs his friends and the public in general, that he has commenced the above business in the southwest part of the city, where he hopes by constantly attending to orders, to merit a generous share of public patronage; his work shall be of the best materials and good workmanship. N. B. Repairing done neatly, and with dispatch. may 23—6mos

A Card.

Mrs. Bering, (79 Dock street, opposite the Post Office,) respectfully gives notice, that she can now accommodate a few more boarders, at the residence above mentioned.

"Ellis Middleton—Dentist,

Removes to No. 100 Spruce street below Third—P. M. Has removed to No. 100 N. Fourth street, until the clock every morning, and commands left at either place, will be promptly attended to.
References to Dr. Joseph Parrish, my medical preceptor of 1826 and '27, and to Dr. Charles Noble. jan 4—3 mos

For Sale,

A paper mill and farm attached, situated in Loudon, Britain township, Chester county, Pennsylvania. The mill is three stories high, 30 by 48 feet, has three vats, with water power sufficient to drive them night and day, and a handsome residence.
There are on the premises two story dwelling house, a barn 40 three other tenements, all of stone, and which with the mill and machine are in excellent order.
The farm contains about 60 acres, and is in a good state of cultivation and under good fences, with a portion of timber land.
For further particulars apply on the premises to
GEORGE KAY, or
WM. M. COLLINS,
No 56 North Fourth st. Philadelphia.

Information Wanted.

On the fourth of June, 1831, Christophe Frederick Mannsche, a native of Germany, left his residence in Paris, from which time I have not heard from him. Any person having a knowledge of him, will confer a favor on his father, by the receipt of this notice comes to his knowledge, I wish him to write to me immediately, as I am anxious to hear from him. (27 Editors throughout the United States, are requested to insert this and receive one mo s great favor. My residence is Louisville, St. Clair county, Illinois.
JOHN MAMMELE.
jan 4—3t

Zollickoffer's Patent
CARRIAGE WHEEL GUARD.

This rail is a certain security against any accident that may take place in and out of the city, from the first frost in the fall, to the last one in the spring, it is so arranged that it can be thrown up at the shoulder of the axle, or the axle becomes fractured at any point, the wheels continue to perform their revolutions without any disarrangement, and the vehicle is easily upon the axle remains in the same position, precisely as though no accident had happened to the wheel. This rail is not calculated to cause friction, unless it is brought into use from other causes, as all of the above accidents taking place at one and the same time, and it is so light, that it can be thrown up with the same with the aid of hitch pin. It is perfectly acceptable to connoisseurs, and highly ornamental in its appearance. The patentee has the pleasure to state, that it has been tried in the possession of this valuable intelligent mechanic from several for a moderate sum he will transfer right for other cities below Philadelphia, to individuals or companies, at the rates.
Persons desirous of purchasing, will please address, (post paid,) Wm. Zollickoffer, 180 Arch street, Philadelphia, Pa.
Philadelphia, Pa. Pittsburgh, Pa. Wm. Greenawalt, Pittsburgh, Lewis Beckwell, P. M. East Wormouth, Mass.
ROBERT T. BICKNELL,
Patentee.
dec 21—6t Fark, Booker, N. 6 Franklin Place, Phila. Pa.

A Series of Maps,

Forming a General Atlas, completed by D. H. Burr.

There are already published many collections of maps, of various sizes and merits, but there exists an evident deficiency in the Atlas of the United States, to which the attention of the public is now directed. The publication of a work of this kind, is a matter of no small expense, and the time required to complete the work, is a consideration of no small importance, when the publication is undertaken by a single individual, and the work is to be completed by the same individual, it is evident that